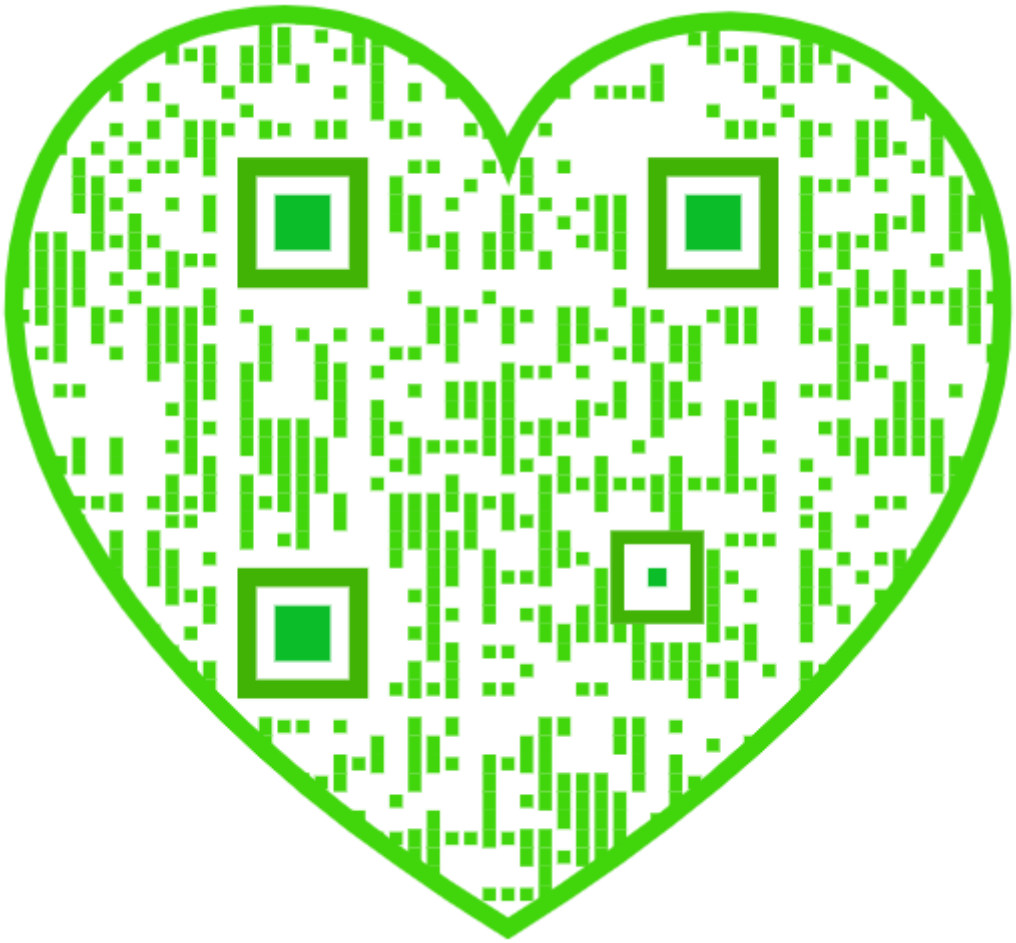
DORA'S HOUSE-KEEPING



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DORA'S

HOUSEKEEPING

By

Miss E. S. KIRKLAND

Author of "Six Little Cooks," "Speech and Manners," "Short History of France," Etc.

SIXTH EDITION.

CHICAGO

A. C. McCLURG & COMPANY

1899

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2.9.13. Apr. 6'20

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO

ANNIE, ELLEN, KITTIE AND EDITH,

MY "FIRST CLASS,"

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THEIR

COOKING PARTIES.

DORA'S HOUSEKEEPING.

CHAPTER I.

MAKING A BEGINNING.

One pleasant afternoon in September, Mrs. King and her daughter Amy were sitting together in their bright, sunny parlor, the former occupied in making a doll's hat, and the little one in reading aloud from one of her favorite books. The day was so warm that the windows were open, giving a view of flower-beds gay with scarlet geraniums and white chrysanthemums, while beyond these lay a smooth lawn shaded here and there by groups of trees. A gentle breeze just lifted the soft curls that fell over the pages Amy was reading, and at the end of a chapter she laid down her book and leaned on her mother's chair, watching the progress she was making in her work.

"It's nice to be at home again, isn't it, mamma?" said she, "though we had a lovely time at Aunty Vernon's, too."

"It is always pleasant to be at home," said her mother; "but we shouldn't think as much of home if we didn't go away sometimes. And I wouldn't have had you miss making the acquaintance of all your cousins there, for a great deal. Have you answered Mabel's letter?"

"Not yet," said Amy, "because she told me how she and Jessie had been making cake and biscuits since we came away, and I wanted to tell her that I had made something, too."

"Then you may make something next Saturday morning," answered Mrs. King, "and you can write to her in the afternoon. After all the kindness that your aunts and cousins showed us when we were with them, it would be very ungrateful in us not to take the trouble to write to them, now that we have come away. But here comes Dora, running as if she had something very important on hand."

A moment after, a tall girl of fifteen came into the room, looking anxious and troubled.

"It's all settled, Aunt Jane," she exclaimed, without

any preface, for she lived next door, and ran in half a dozen times a day. "They're to go in about a week, and won't be back till spring; and whatever in this world I'm going to do, I don't know."

Here, perhaps, we ought to explain that Dora's mother was an invalid, whose delicate health made it imprudent for her to stay in a cold northern climate through the winter, and that the doctors had advised her to try the milder air of the South of England. She was Mr. King's sister, and whatever happened in one family was interesting to both.

"Don't let us look at it in that light first, dear," said Mrs. King, in answer to Dora's dismal exclamation. "Try to think how delightful it will be to have your mamma get well and strong again, and have a winter of peace and comfort, instead of all the suffering she went through last year."

"Oh, yes, to be sure," assented Dora, "I shall be very glad to have her get well; but I can't help thinking how badly I shall fill her place."

"You'll do your best, won't you, Dora?"

"Why, yes, of course I will, Aunt Jane," said Dora, flushing a little under the idea that it was possible for her to do anything but her best.

"Then I shall have to remind you of what one of my favorite poets says:

> "Who does the best his circumstance allows,
> Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more."

"No matter what position you are placed in, if you start with a desire of doing what is right to the best of your ability, no one can ask any more of you."

"But, Aunty, I know they'll find so much fault with me."

"Very likely they will, but you mustn't mind that; just make up your mind to it beforehand, and determine that you'll always be ready with a pleasant answer. 'Forewarned is forearmed,' you know. If you foresee that certain things are going to try your temper, you must call up an extra stock of resolution to meet them with."

"I'll try, Aunt Jane, but I don't see how I'm going to give a pleasant answer when the boys begin to scold at me. It's easy enough with papa, because I have some respect for *him*."

"It will get easier with a little practice, you'll see. And then in matters that can be talked over beforehand

you know, cousin Helen and I will always be on hand with our advice. But I must run in and see what I can do to help your mother get ready."

Mrs. Greenwood was looking rather helpless and forlorn when her sister-in-law went in. "It seemed to be a matter of necessity if I'm ever going to be strong again," said she, as they were discussing the journey. "And I know you'll look after my little girl while I'm away, Jane," she added, her lip trembling and her eyes filling with tears.

"Never fear," returned Mrs. King, in her cheery voice. "Make your mind perfectly easy about that. All you have to do is just to be as comfortable as you can, and never give a thought to your house-keeping. Fortunately you leave a set of healthy children, that are not likely to be sick while you are away; and if they all keep well I'm not afraid but that every thing else will go on nicely. We'll have an eye to them, and I think it will be just as well for Dora to be thrown on her own resources for awhile."

"I hope it will all be for the best," said Mrs. Greenwood, as she went on wearily with her preparations, "but I can't help feeling anxious."

The week slipped rapidly away, and at the end of it Mr. Greenwood set out for New York with his wife, leaving Dora head of the household until his return. The first thing she did after the carriage rolled out of sight on its way to the station was to sit down and have a hearty cry; the next to jump up and remember that it was time to go to school.

No mamma now to look after the dilatory children, and see that they got off in time! Dora suddenly bethought herself that she must undertake this duty in future, and instantly set about collecting her forces. James and Bertie had gone down to the station with their mother, and were to go from there directly to school; but Milly, who was half-past eight, and Julia, not quite seven years old, had to be hunted up. When found, one had mislaid her hat and the other her books, and Julia had contrived to get her face so very dirty since breakfast that it had to be washed; then, just at the last minute, the elastic on Milly's hat broke, and there was nothing to do but wait and sew on another; so the end of it all was that the whole party were five minutes late at school.

"I'm sure I couldn't possibly help it, Miss Weston,"

said Dora, arriving quite out of breath. "I couldn't tell that every thing was going to happen so, just at the last minute."

"You are certainly quite excusable to-day, Dora," said her teacher, kindly; "but you must remember that these things, or others like them, are just those that may happen every day, and so begin to look up the children's things about ten minutes earlier than if you had only yourself to provide for. Then, if you are a few minutes early, you will have time to look over some hard lesson."

There being an hour's intermission at noon, the children came home for their lunch, but did not dine until six o'clock, as their father would not allow them to go back to study directly after a hearty meal. As soon as school was finished for the day, Dora ran in to her aunt's house, impatient for a consultation as to her first practical efforts at housekeeping.

"I would advise you not to try to do anything before Saturday, dear," said Mrs. King; "but just keep your eyes open and make a mental note of what wants attention. Annie is a very good girl, but I think she is a little 'touchy,' and may not like to have you take the reins in your hands too suddenly. When she is out of

any kind of provision she will be sure to let you know, and until then you had better be content with whatever she prepares. In the meantime, we must think of some nice dessert that you can have ready for your father's first dinner at home after he comes back."

"Mamma always made the desserts," said Dora. "When Annie is left to herself she gives us nothing but everlasting pie."

"Now, take your old aunt's advice, Dora, and don't utter a word of complaint about it. We'll soon get Annie into the way of making a little variety, if she doesn't get out of temper to begin with. Caution is a great virtue when you are dealing with human beings."

The next day Dora came in for her usual visit. "I've been keeping my eyes open as you told me to, Aunt Jane," said she, "and I begin to have an idea of how much mamma must have done about the house. Everything looks so hap-hazard and irregular. There's a piece of sheet hanging down from nearly every bed, and the pillows are crooked, and the towels left all in a string, and the things in the parlor put back in the wrong places after being dusted; and I happened to touch one of the windows to raise it, and had to go and wash my hands afterwards, it was so horribly dusty."

"Well, my love," said her aunt, "you can't expect any woman to do the cooking and washing and ironing for a family of six people besides herself, and yet keep everything about the house as nice as if she had nothing else to do but make things clean and tidy. If you had a second girl you would have a right to expect that the whole house should be kept in apple-pie order; but as it is, you must take hold of all these little matters yourself. Probably ten or fifteen minutes every day when you come home to lunch would be enough to set things in their proper places and straighten them out; and then I think you will have to take a duster when you come home in the afternoon and go the rounds with that."

"To-morrow afternoon I shall have the clean clothes to put away," remarked Dora.

"I suppose I need not tell you to look at each article and see if it needs any mending, and to put such things as do in a basket by themselves?"

"Oh, no; mamma told me all about that; but it will be an immense job to mend them."

"Not so long as you think if you do it the first thing, and never let any of them lie over until another week. If I were you I would make a beginning on them as soon

as they come up. It won't do to leave too much for Saturday."

Dora took her aunt's advice, as she always meant to, and set about the clothes the moment she came back from school. They were all sorted and ready to lay away when her cousin Helen Grant came in. Mrs. Grant was Aunt Jane's widowed daughter, and lived with her.

"I thought you would have reached this stage of your proceedings by this time, Dora," said she, "and I came in to see if you would let me help you a little."

"Oh, thank you, cousin Helen; I can easily do it by myself, but I'm very glad of your company. Isn't there a huge lot of them?"

"Summer washing is always pretty heavy," said Mrs. Grant, "but we shall soon have a cold snap, and then you girls will come to your woolen dresses and balmorals. Are you quite sure that there are no buttons wanting on any of these dresses or on your father's shirts and the boys'?"

"Perfectly; I looked at every one carefully. All that needed mending are on the bed there, by themselves. I'm sure there's a big enough pile of them to be all."

"Oh, never mind, we'll make short work of *them*. Now let's put away the others, so as not to have any con-

fusion. These towels and sheets are a little damp. We'll hang them here in the sun to get perfectly dry before they are laid in the press."

"Annie always does send up part of the clothes damp," said Dora.

"There are apt to be so many flies in a kitchen that it is best to get the clothes out of it as soon as possible," answered Mrs. Grant. "But it will never do to lay anything in a drawer or closet unless it is thoroughly dry. They smell mouldy if you do, and are unwholesome."

"Did you ever see anything in such a muss as this drawer of Milly's is?" exclaimed Dora. "All her dolly-things mixed in with her clothes!"

"Poor child!" said cousin Helen, "I suppose she didn't know what else to do with them. We can soon find her one of those flat pasteboard boxes that will hold them all, and it will be just as easy for her to put them there as in the drawer. I see all these drawers have become a little mixed up. Suppose we lay them straight now—all the petticoats in one pile, the nightgowns in another, the shirts in another, and so on—and then by looking in once or twice a week and calling the children's attention to it, you'll be able to to keep everything tidy."

"I think it's perfectly lovely to see everything in straight piles when you open a drawer," said Dora; "but I don't believe you can make *them* do it."

"I think you can if you show them how nice it looks before they begin to tumble them up again. Everybody *must* like better to see things neatly arranged, even boys; and if you provide them with suitable places for their rubbish you can make them orderly after awhile.

"Now, I suppose, I may as well go to mending," said Dora, when the last article had been laid away.

"Are you all ready for dinner?" inquired her cousin.

"Oh, no; I have to change my dress and brush my hair."

"Then I should advise you to do that first. You don't know exactly how long it will take you, and there will be nothing in the mending to soil your hands or clothes. I find that when I leave dressing till the last minute I'm almost sure to be late. Give me the work-basket and let me make a beginning while you are getting ready. I haven't any thing better to do."

"Oh, thank you, cousin Helen! I'll bring in mamma's work-table, and you 'll find every thing there just as she left it."

"Ah, this is a second edition of mother's," said Mrs. Grant, when the table made its appearance. "All the buttons in one box, and all the spools in another, and the tapes sorted so that you can see in an instant the kind you want. Nobody can dream of the difference it makes when you are mending, not to have to hunt up your materials. It certainly saves half the time."

"Stocking-darning is the thing I hate worst," remarked Dora.

"Well, fortunately I *love* to darn stockings, so I 'll begin with those and save you what I can. I like to do it even when I am all alone—it gives you such a nice chance to think. It 's a good time to keep up your poetry, too. Some times I repeat poetry to myself for an hour at a time while I 'm sewing."

"I love poetry dearly," said Dora, "but I don't have much time to learn it while I 'm going to school."

"The best way is to have a book always propped open on your bureau while you are dressing. Then you can look at a line or two and learn it while you are walking around or combing your hair; then look again and pick up another. You can learn two or three hundred lines in a week in that way, and never miss the time."

"That is a good idea," said Dora. "I'll try it. I often wish I had more time to learn poems by heart."

"This dress will need a piece set in where the pin has torn it out," said Cousin Helen. "I suppose your mamma has a piece-bag?"

"She has a drawer," answered Dora; "a broad, shallow one, with every bundle tied up by itself, so that you can see the one you want the minute you open the drawer. It's one of her rules never to throw away any of the pieces so long as a dress is in use, and when it is given away the new pieces always go with it."

"And I suppose you sometimes wear dresses until they are too much used up even to give away."

"Then the pieces go to the Industrial School or Orphan Asylum. They often send here for what we have, for making patch-work and dolls' clothes."

"Are the children ready for dinner?" inquired Mrs. Grant, after they had been sewing for some time.

"All except washing their hands and faces and brushing their hair," answered Dora; "and that won't take long."

"You'd better collect them, though, for it wants only twenty minutes to six, and it may take some little time

to hunt them up. Annie will soon leave off being punctual if the family are not ready when the bell rings."

"I do wish they would ever do anything by themselves," said Dora, pettishly. It's nothing but look after them all the time."

"Oh, you'll never make an out-and-out housekeeper if you begin on that principle," said her cousin, laughing. "You mustn't expect people to do anything without looking after. You'll find that your main business in life will be, not to do things yourself, but to see that other people do them. Just make up your mind to that, and it will soon come to be a matter of course, and won't seriously interfere with your other pursuits."

The children were soon at their toilets, and Cousin Helen and Dora worked away at the mending with such a will that the last article was finished and laid in its place before the dinner-bell rang.

"There's one Saturday's job off your hands," said Mrs. Grant. "You'll be glad of it when the time comes."

On Friday afternoon Dora ran in to her Aunt's for some advice.

"To-morrow's my first real day of housekeeping, you see, Aunt Jane," said she. "Annie has the whole house

to sweep and her baking to do, and I must do the marketing for Sunday and Monday, and dust and make everything tidy; and then I should like to surprise papa with some of my own cooking. Do you think I can?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly well; but you must have it all planned out beforehand, so as to lose no time. Of course you'll go to market the first thing?"

"Yes, the minute I've done my breakfast."

"Do you wash the breakfast dishes?"

"No, Annie does that; but mamma always cleans the silver. I'll tell Annie to have it on the table for me."

"And I will come in and help you with it," said her aunt, "and we'll discuss the order of operations for the day."

"You're a dear, good Aunty," said Dora, kissing her; "but mamma said I musn't ride you to death."

"No fear of that," returned Mrs. King. "I'll look out for myself. Have you decided on your bill of fare?"

"I believe we have a regular round of things, and this is our week for a roast of beef. We have it rather rare the first day, and roasted over the second; and on Monday we eat it cold if there's any left."

"Then suppose you get for to-morrow what is called

a rib-roasting piece, and have the bones taken out for soup? Then the butcher rolls the beef and skewers it, and it looks just as well the second day as the first."

"Oh, yes, we often have it that way."

"What vegetables have you thought of?"

"Potatoes and tomatoes and squash, I think, will be as nice as any. Papa never cares for more than three kinds."

"And for Sunday dinner?"

"I don't know; what do you think?"

"To make a little variety you might have sweet corn and cauliflower with your potatoes, and on Monday some roast-potatoes, beets and dressed cold slaw, which are all delicious with cold beef. What about desserts?"

"I should like to make something myself, if you'll show me how. I don't know anything about cooking, and I thought perhaps I might learn, now mamma was away."

"I'll show you with the greatest pleasure. With these fresh peaches one doesn't really need anything else, but you might make some boiled custard to eat with a dish of them cut up and sugared. And for a change you could have apple-tapioca for to-morrow, and Monday

return to the peaches again. I'll give you the recipes when you come back from market Have you arranged for breakfast?"

"We always have fish-balls and fried mush," answered Dora, "and I think they're so tiresome."

"Why not try something else, then?"

"Papa wouldn't think it was Sunday morning if we didn't have them. He's been used to it ever since he was a boy."

"Do you think he would object to our substituting some fried hominy for the mush?"

"Oh, no, not at all."

"I think that is an excellent dish, and if you have no hominy in the house, you might get some in the morning. You had better make out a list of what is needed, so as to make but one journey. You will want meat, vegetables (don't forget an onion and some carrots if you haven't a supply of them, and a small head of celery for the soup), eggs, hominy, tapioca, a lemon or two, peaches, tart apples, and so on. Annie can tell you which of these things she is unprovided with. Buy three or four pounds of a shin of beef, and ask the butcher to chop that and the bones he takes from the

roast of beef very small, then put them over the fire, bones and meat together, in a large pot with cold water the moment they come home. Allow about a quart of water to every pound of beef and bone; cover the pot and let it heat very slowly; as soon as it begins to simmer set it on the back of the stove and keep it at the same heat for at least five hours, never letting it boil. Now and then you must skim it, as otherwise the scum that rises will mix with the soup again and prevent its being clear."

"What a long job it is!" said Dora.

"It would be if you had to stand and stir it all the time, I grant you," answered her aunt; "but as the fire does most of the work, you can't complain. One thing you must remember, if you should ever want to make soup the day before it is used—as will often be the case—never set it away in an iron pot, or even in tin; a good-sized earthern jar is the best thing to keep it in; but if you should not have one empty, it would be better even to use the soup-tureen than any kind of metal."

CHAPTER II.

A BUSY DAY.

Dora had just returned from market on Saturday morning, when her aunt appeared. Annie was carrying out the breakfast dishes.

"Suppose you leave us the silver, Annie," said Mrs. King. "You'll not have time to clean it, will you?"

"Deed, an' I won't," answered the cook. "It's all I can do to get along with the necessary work. Mrs. Greenwood always saw to the silver herself."

"Very well, Miss Dora will attend to it now," answered Mrs. King, pleasantly, and despatched Dora for the cleaning materials.

"Some *very* hot water, dear, and the soap and silver-polish. Have you a mop?"

"No, Aunty; but I can get a dishcloth from Annie."

"That will do for to-day; but if you mean to wash the silver often, it would be well to get Jamie to cut you out a mop-handle with his jack-knife, and you can tie on

some lamp-wicking. It saves your hands to use one, and you can take hotter water. Now stir the soap in the water until you make a suds, and then take it out with a fork. Then take one at a time of the large articles and rinse them round thoroughly; the forks and tablespoons that are greasy, you will have to hold in your other hand while you rub them a little, and afterwards wipe them as quickly as possible."

"Annie always piles the dish-pan heaping full," said Dora, "and then puts the soap on top and pours water over it from the tea-kettle."

"I think that is a *horrid* way," answered Aunt Jane. "I'm not much given to strong expressions, but that performance really makes me sick. I always try to teach a new girl to wash dishes my way, which is to take out the soap before anything else is put in, and then to wash only a few dishes at a time—first the glasses, then the silver, tea-cups and saucers, and finally the plates and large dishes, all of which should be scraped as clean as possible first. We shouldn't have so many articles of china nicked and chipped if it were not for this wretched way of piling all into the dish-pan together."

"I suppose they think it saves trouble in handling them," observed Dora.

"Not enough to make any noticeable difference," replied her aunt; "and then what *soup* it makes of the water! By the other plan, you can throw away the water as soon as it begins to get thick, and take some fresh, which ought always to be ready on the stove."

"I think we've done them all now, Aunt Jane," said Dora. "Shall I take away the water?"

"Let me have a look at the cake-basket; very dingy. And we may as well do the casters and the silver salt-cellars while we are about it; it won't take long, and it is such a pleasure to see them beautifully bright and clean! You will feel repaid when you see the table set out with them. Is that all the polish you have?"

"Yes," said Dora, "we never make more than this bottle full at a time. Shall I get some more when I go out?"

"You can get the materials for it; I suppose you know the receipt?"

"No," answered Dora; "Mamma always keeps her receipts in her head. How can we find out?"

"Oh, I know what it is, for it was your mother who gave it to me. But shouldn't you like a book of your own to write receipts in, as you won't always have your

mother and aunt at hand to tell you? Mabel has one which contains all we tried last summer at Aunt Vernon's, and she means to add to it as fast as she learns how to do new things."

"I should like it very much," said Dora. "I will begin now with this one, and afterwards I can copy them all out regularly."

So she ran for a piece of paper and a pencil, and took down Aunt Jane's recipe for

Silver Polish.

Half a pound Paris white stirred into one pint boiling water. When perfectly cold add two tablespoonfuls ammonia. Prepare at least one day before using, and keep in a tightly-corked bottle. Shake very thoroughly each time before applying it. Wet with the polish the surface of the article to be cleaned; when entirely dry, rub first with a very soft cloth, and afterward with a piece of chamois leather. Some people prefer electro-silicon, which gives a brilliant polish, but is more expensive.

"I should have advised you to take off the tablecloth first, Dora," said Mrs. King, "but that I saw it couldn't be used again, except, perhaps, to-day for the children's lunch; so I thought it was not much matter."

"We don't generally change them until Sunday dinner," said Dora.

"But, my dear child, you can't possibly set your father down to a table covered with spots like this, even if it costs the washing of another cloth. It will be better to economize in something else. Besides, it is a bad lesson for the children to accustom them to such a spectacle. I think that if you call their attention to the matter this evening you may be able to keep your cloth clean until to-morrow's dinner; if not, use it to-night and in the morning, and then lay it aside for a breakfast-cloth, and keep the fresh ones for dinners."

"These casters need filling," said Dora. "I suppose I 'd better do it now and so have them ready for dinner?"

"Yes, the casters and salt-cellars should always be attended to with the breakfast dishes. After you have poured in the oil and vinegar, wipe the mouths of the cruets carefully with a corner of your towel; I don't like to touch them with the dishcloth for fear of leaving a soapy taste. Mix the mustard in a teacup, and then you can pour it into the cruet neatly. You 'll not need much; a heaping teaspoonful of mustard will be enough, with an even saltspoon of salt and about half as much powdered sugar; wet it up with cold water."

"What shall I print the salt-cellars with, Aunt Jane?"

"I wouldn't print them with anything; it isn't the fashion now. I think they look best filled even full, and then made as smooth as glass on the top. If they are used at lunch, arrange them in the same way again before you leave the table; don't leave it for Annie, for she hasn't time to attend to these little matters."

"Shall I shake the table cloth now?" inquired Dora, when everything had been put away.

"I never shake a table cloth. What is the use of throwing crumbs on the floor only to be brushed up again? And as for shaking it, as some people do, out of doors, that is a mere invitation to flies. I always brush mine with a table-brush, and then fold it exactly in the creases it was ironed in—then it will look its best to the last. Any small spots I wash out with clear warm water before I take it off the table. Lay a folded napkin underneath to rub it on, and wet as small a place as you can; then after the cloth is folded put it under some heavy thing to press, and you will be surprised to see how long it will look nice."

"What shall I press it under, Aunt Jane?"

"Some people have a marble slab on purpose, just the

size of the folded cloth; but one of the extra table leaves will do very well if Annie will set one of her heavy jars on it for an hour or two. It is some trouble, but not nearly as much as washing and ironing would be."

'Where do I get Paris white?"

"At the paint shop, and ammonia at the drug-store, though I presume you will find a bottle of that in the house. Now if you will get a blank book, you can write down the receipts for what you are going to make to-day, and I have brought you over Amy's book, which she will lend you for a while. No. 7 of her receipts gives the directions for boiled custard.* But first let us have a look at your soup-stock."

"What kind of soup is that, Aunt Jane?"

"Stock is the foundation for all soups, and means merely the juices of the meat as they are drawn out in the water by the slow process of simmering. Then after the bones and fragments of meat are removed you add whatever else is intended to give the soup a special character."

The soup-stock was found simmering in good style, and Mrs. King inquired if Annie had any bits of meat

*The recipes quoted from "Amy's Book" are to be found in "Six Little Cooks," under corresponding numbers.

in the house, either cooked or raw. Upon investigation a couple of cold mutton chops were discovered, some bones from a roast, and a piece of beef-steak.

"You'd better heat up the chops for your lunch, Annie," said Aunt Jane, "and then if you will give us the beef-bones broken up small with a hatchet, and that bit of steak with all the fat cut off, it will improve our soup very much. I don't know anything that gives a better flavor to soup than a piece of cooked beef-steak."

"Shall I put over any more water with them?" asked Annie.

"Yes, about a quart. I should say there was a pound of new stuff altogether. Now, Dora, put in those pieces of bone that Annie has broken up, and cut the steak into small pieces; you may add warm water, as the meat has been cooked already, and that won't hinder the soup. Now we can leave it for awhile, except that you must come back occasionally to skim it."

Returning to the dining-room, Aunt Jane gave Dora her recipe for

Apple Tapioca.

Soak half a pint of tapioca in a quart of water for several hours. Pare and core enough sour apples to line

an ordinary baking-dish, fill the holes with sugar and shred a lemon very finely among them, first taking out the seeds. Pour the soaked tapioca over the apples, and bake in a moderate oven until done, which will be probably in about an hour. To be eaten cold, either alone or with sugar and cream.

"That will be for to-morrow, won't it, Aunty?"

"Yes, and you can make both that and the boiled custard whenever you like, because the custard must be entirely cold also. Now we'll go on with the soups."

Julienne Soup.

To three quarts of clear stock add two carrots, two turnips, a head of celery, one onion and half a pint of sweet corn. When green peas are in season, substitute these for the corn. After the stock has simmered for five hours, strain it through a colander, without pressing, and set it in a cool place, still covered. When cold, skim off the fat and return to the fire. In the mean time, the carrots, turnips and corn must have been parboiled (half-boiled,) in clear water. Cut the carrots and turnips into dice; cut the celery nearly as small as for salad, and slice the onion very fine. Before putting in the vegetables

add salt, but rather less than you think it needs; after they have all boiled together for awhile, taste it again, and add more, but be very careful not to overdo. A little pepper may be ventured on, but not enough to give the soup a fiery taste. Boil slowly for an hour after the vegetables are added, and serve hot. In the spring the tender tops of asparagus, cut small, are an improvement.

"I don't think we have a turnip in the house, Aunt Jane."

"I forgot to tell you to get one. But you have a cabbage; take about a quarter of that, cut off solid, and boil in the same water with the carrots It is of the same family with the turnip, you know. When it is done, chop it up fine before you put it into the soup."

"What shall I do with the meat?"

"It will make a nice little hash for to-morrow, for those who are tired of fish-balls. You can prepare it yourself, to-night. Take out every particle of bone and gristle and mince it very fine. In the morning add boiling water just to wet it, a little pepper and salt, and butter enough to make it taste rich without being greasy; you can only tell by putting in a little at a time. In the morning

you can toast two large slices of bread; butter them while they are hot, then cut them into four or six pieces, and lay them in the dish under your hash. The gravy will soften them sufficiently. Now, you may write down some more recipes."

Tomato Soup.

Boil slowly three pounds of beef in five quarts of water for three hours; then add one quart of canned or two of fresh tomatoes, cut fine but not peeled, and one onion; season to taste, simmer two hours longer, strain and serve.

Macaroni Soup.

Three pounds of veal knuckle or scrag boiled for three hours in three quarts of water; half a pound of the best Italian macaroni broken into short pieces and stewed until done in water enough to cover it, with a little butter added before you take it up. After straining the stock, add the macaroni, water and all; season with salt only, and boil half an hour longer.

"Must you always have veal for macaroni soup, Aunt Jane?"

"By no means; beef stock is a foundation for anything

in the world that you choose to put with it, of the soup kind. But it makes a variety to take veal sometimes, and macaroni seems to suit it particularly well. It makes a very delicate soup."

"I see that you say 'boil' instead of 'simmer,' in the recipe; is there any difference?"

"There is the one general rule, that soups must never boil hard at any stage of the process. Another thing you must remember is that if you have dinner in the middle of the day, the stock should always be prepared the day before, for though there might be time simply for the boiling before a one-o'clock dinner, there would not be for standing it aside to get cold, so that you can take off the fat, which is an essential part of the process. A greasy soup is a most unattractive viand."

"It must be very inconvenient always to have to think of soup the day before," remarked Dora.

"Soups may be made in from two to three hours," replied her aunt, "but it requires more meat in proportion. If you take a piece of lean beef, without bone, cut it up finely and boil for three hours, allowing a quart of water to each pound of beef, you will have an excellent broth, to which you can add any thing you please—

pearl barley, macaroni, vermicelli, and almost any vegetable but beets. A very nice soup is made of the plain broth with a handful of pearl barley and a teaspoonful of celery seeds. But for an economical soup you should use bones, scraps of meat left from the platters, chicken skeletons, and remains of every kind, and for preparing these a longer time is necessary. In families where they use much meat, they can have soup as often as three times a week without buying any fresh meat for it."

"Oyster soup doesn't need any," said Dora.

"No, nor pea soup, nor several other kinds. But those are more especially for winter, and we'll leave the recipes for them until later. But I'll give you one more to-day."

Chicken Soup.

One large or two small fowls, half a pound salt or corned pork (not smoked), four quarts water. Cut the fowl into small pieces, add cold water enough to cover it, and stew with the pork (which must be cut into thin strips) until it is perfectly tender. Then add the remainder of the water, boiling hot, and boil until it has been over the fire two hours from the time it was put on. Of course it is understood that it has never ceased

boiling during this time. Then strain out the shreds of chicken and add salt and pepper, and a bunch of chopped parsley. To give it more consistency, a pint of milk thickened with flour may be added five minutes before serving.

"How do you thicken milk with flour, Aunt Jane?"

"Mix the flour with cold milk until it is perfectly smooth, then add, very slowly, milk just short of boiling. You must not do this over the fire, or it will be lumpy. For a pint of milk an even teaspoonful of flour will be enough."

"Will the chicken be of any use afterwards?

"Yes, you can make it into croquettes. Chop it fine (leaving out most of the pork), add salt and pepper; thicken as much milk as you think you will need with flour, taking about twice as much flour as for chicken soup; stir in a small lump of butter—your own judgment must tell you how much—and then mix as much of this with the chopped chicken as will enable you to make it into balls. Set it away until it becomes cold, form into oval balls about three inches long, and fry in deep lard."

"What is deep lard, Aunt Jane?"

"Lard deep enough for them to swim in—just as you fry doughnuts. It must be boiling hot before they are put in. If you want a receipt for 'company' croquettes, you will find it in Amy's book, No. 48."

"Thank you, Aunty; now, I suppose what I have to do is to try to put your directions into practice."

"Yes; you won't find it as easy as writing them down or talking about them, but you mustn't be discouraged by failures. Nothing but experience can make you a good cook, and experience comes by mistakes. But now I'll leave you to your dusting. Don't forget to look after the soup-stock."

Dora entered upon her work with great zeal, dusting and putting each room into thorough order as she went along. As the house was not large, she had time to do this and prepare her two desserts before she called the children in to wash and get ready for lunch. Annie told her how to put together the soft custard,* and undertook to give the apple tapioca a "good bake," the soup-stock being set to cool in the mean time. After lunch the little girls went out to their unfailing swing, and the boys to watch the operation of a friend's new printing machine, so that Dora had some quiet hours for practising

*Explained in "Six Little Cooks," p. 27.

and studying, broken in upon only by the attention necessary for the soup.

Mr. Greenwood was to arrive in time for dinner, and before this the children were washed and dressed, a vase of flowers gathered for the center of the table, and the last touches given to Annie's not over-particular arrangement of it. Everything was set straight on the spotless cloth; the silver shone like glass, it was so bright from its morning polishing, and Dora laid a clean napkin at her father's place, with his ring upon it. Presently the well-known step was heard in the hall, and a mob of children rushed wildly forth from various nooks to welcome their father. The answers given to their tumultuous questions were satisfactory; mamma was feeling very well when she started, only sad at the thought of leaving her children; the ship sailed in fair weather, and they might expect to hear of her arrival in about ten days.

Dora looked very tall as she sat in her mother's place ladling out the soup. Her father surveyed the handsomely-set table with a look of approbation. "I should think this was a company-dinner, and that mother had only just stepped in next door," said he. "You set out bravely, Dora. I like to be able to see my face in a spoon when I take it up. And Annie has made a good

hit with her soup to-day. It tastes almost as good as one of your mother's."

"And pray what would you say, Papa," inquired Dora, "if I told you I made it myself?"

"I should say you were joking; *you* can't make soup!"

"But I did make this, every drop of it! Aunt Jane showed me how. Now, you'll never say again that I can't make soup, will you?"

"Not I. Anything else here of your work?"

"Not yet; you must wait till the dessert comes."

When the dessert came, the rich, fragrant custard was duly admired. "I was beginning to get a little tired of peaches," said Mr. Greenwood, "but with this sauce one can't complain. Anything in the house for to-morrow?"

"Why, Papa, what a question! Don't you know that you have a housekeeper?"

"Oh! I beg pardon," said her father; "I wasn't prepared to see my little girl blossom out so suddenly. Then I need ask no further questions?"

"No, sir; all you will have to do will be to eat what is set before you and be thankful."

"Thankful that it's no worse, I suppose," answered Mr. Greenwood, who was somewhat of a tease.

CHAPTER III.

A SURPRISE.

No incidents worthy of note occurred in the Greenwood family until the next Monday afternoon, when Dora appeared in her aunt's parlor with a face full of amazement.

"What *do* you think, Aunt Jane? Annie has had a letter saying that her mother is sick and needs her at home; and she is going by the five-fifteen train! Did you ever hear of any thing like that in your life?"

"Oh, yes, often," said Mrs. King, laughing in spite of herself at Dora's fiery indignation. "In fact, sickness is a thing that will occur occasionally, even in the families of the poor."

"But I think it's a shame in her not to wait until we get some one else," exclaimed Dora, still blazing.

"I can't judge of that without knowing something more about it. If her mother is not very ill, it seems as if she might have waited at least over one day. But

as we can't control these things, we must make the best of them. Can't she recommend some one in her place?"

"No; she says she doesn't know of a soul."

"I dare say we can find some one, though perhaps not for a day or two, as cooks are not very plenty here. Ask James to go for Mother Moppett, and tell her to come by daylight to-morrow morning, and if she has no one to leave the little girl with, she must bring her along. Have you enough cold meat in the house for dinner?"

"Yes, plenty; and Annie is going to put in the potatoes to bake before she goes away. But I shan't know when they're done."

"You can tell that in a moment by feeling the outside, or rather by squeezing them a little with your fingers. When they are done they will all press together and feel like mashed potato. Take them in a crash towel, or you'll burn your fingers. Now run home and set the table, and I'll put on my bonnet and go about a little to see what can be done in the way of getting another girl. Tell Annie to take potatoes as nearly of a size as possible, or the smaller ones will be done before the rest."

Mrs. Moppett was an elderly woman, who lived at the other end of the village, a full mile away. She was not

very strong or very skillful, but she was good-natured and willing to do her best. "Taint so mighty convenient for me to come to morrow," she said to James, "for I've got Miss Tibbitts's hull ironing to do, and she allers expects me Tuesdays."

"Never mind, Mrs. Tibbetts," exclaimed James loftily; "she doesn't need you half so much as we do, 'cause we haven't any body but Dora, you see; and you can go to her next day and so you'll have two days' works instead of one."

"Id'know's I keer so much about that," answered Mrs. Moppett, "but I'll see if I can oblige ye."

Dora meanwhile had been setting the table for dinner, getting what help she could from Bertie. She was just slicing the coldslaw on a plane when her aunt came in from her quest.

"Can't hear of any one yet," said Mrs. King, cheerily, "but we shall soon, no doubt. Shall I dress that for you?"

"Oh, if you would, I'd be so much obliged. All I know about it is just to put on vinegar and oil, and salt and pepper."

"That is all I shall do to it," said her aunt, "but long

practice has made it easy for me to know just how much is wanted of each. When you have time to make a dressing beforehand you'll find several recipes in Amy's book. But this is the dish your coldslaw is going on the table in, isn't it? Oh, you must give me a common kitchen dish to dress it in. I want to 'touzle' it round and round and cut it up into convenient lengths, and the dish wont look nice at all when I've done. You have some beets, I believe, haven't you?"

"Here are some that Annie boild yesterday morning, and I've just cut them up; but they dont seem very fresh. They ought to have been put in vinegar."

"Put them over in a sauce-pan with just a very little boiling water, and when that is boiled away stir in a lump of butter, then serve them hot. I like them better that way than the other. What have you for dessert?"

"Only some peaches, and they're not cut up! Bertie, can't you peel some peaches for sister?"

"It isn't necessary to have them cut up, Dora," interposed her aunt. "They are quite as suitable for dessert set on whole, only then you must have finger-glasses and doyleys. But it's no trouble to speak of to wipe the finger-glasses, and it takes a long time to cut up the peaches; so

if you'll take my advice, you'll dispense with that part of it."

"I'll dispense with anything, Aunt Jane! I think I could even dispense with dinner if I could get rid of cooking it."

"Oh, nonsense! You'll change your tune as soon as you get something to eat. You're tired now, and need a good rest. Some of us will come in after dinner and help you along a little."

As Mrs. King had predicted, Dora felt very much encouraged—partly by her dinner, and partly by her father's praise of the neatness and good order of everything. They finished the roast-beef, which still preserved its shape in spite of the previous attacks upon it; the potatoes were done to a turn, being all of a size, and Dora having tried them until she found they were just right; Aunt Jane's cold-slaw was always inimitable, and the beets were delicate and tender. The children helped carry out the dishes, and then the boys betook themselves to their lessons, and the little girls to their story-books, until bed-time.

As Dora was casting a rather hopeless glance around on the confused masses of dishes and utensils that filled

every inch of tables, sink and shelves, Cousin Helen appeared at the door.

"I saw you through the window," said she, "brushing the table-cloth, so I thought my time had come. Now, you won't mind my lecturing you all the while as we go along, will you? I know you want to learn how to do things in the best way, and you've never had any practice yet."

"No, indeed, Cousin Helen; I shall be glad to have you tell me every little thing."

"We must get the eatables out of the way the first thing; butter should never stand in the hot kitchen one moment, except when you are cooking with it. That's a nice piece in the butter-dish; just take it off and lay it in the crock until the saucer is washed, and then you can put it back and set it in the ice-box all ready for breakfast. There isn't much beef to put away, but take off what there is and put it on a small plate, and it will do for Mother Moppett's lunch to-morrow; people that work hard like some meat in the middle of the day. Put the beets into the smallest dish with a little vinegar; they'll come in well for lunch, and the potatoes will make a nice dish for breakfast. I see your apron doesn't come down

to the bottom of your dress; let me turn the dress up and pin it behind you, and I'll pin up the sleeves too."

"If I'm going to turn cook I think I'd better have an outfit for the purpose," said Dora.

"You can't be cook and keep up with your classes at school at the same time; this is only for once in a while, you know. Now let us turn to and attack these dishes. If I were you, I wouldn't wash the greasy ones; scrape them thoroughly and leave them in piles for Mrs. Mopp. She can do them with the breakfast things, just as well as not. We'll wash the glass and silver, and the fruit plates. Did you smooth over the salt-cellars before you put them away?"

"Yes, Aunt Jane told me about that."

"Oh, look at that loaf of bread standing in this hot air all this time!—I never noticed it. Mother won't let a loaf stay on the kitchen table even while we are at dinner; it dries it up so. It ought to be put back in the box and covered tight as soon as you have done cutting from it."

"I wish I'd asked Annie to teach me how to make bread," said Dora. "She might have done it on Saturday."

"Wait till the holidays, when you can give your whole mind to it; or, perhaps, some other Saturday, when you've settled down again. It's a grand thing to learn. What are you going to have for breakfast?"

"I havn't an idea."

"Have you eggs in the house?"

"I don't know; I'll look and see."

"And a ham; see if there isn't one that's been cut."

Dora returned after investigating, and announced half a ham, but no eggs.

"I'll send you in some when I go home," said Mrs. Grant. "Ham and eggs, properly cooked, and fried potatoes ditto, are a breakfast fit for a—Greenwood. Now there's another thing you'll have to see to always unless you have a fully competent woman in the kitchen, and that is, to keep a constant supply on hand of necessary articles. Old housekeepers have a list of them in their heads, but I think it would be a good plan for you to have one on paper until you get used to it. Flour, salt, butter, eggs, lard, molasses, vinegar, potatoes and all kinds of vegetables that will keep, Indian and oat meal and whatever other kinds of meal you use, kerosene, lamp-wicks, pepper and other spices, (never mind about

the order of them), rice, hominy, barley, macaroni, crackers, starch, yeast-cakes if you use them, soda, cream tartar, baking-powder, and I don't know what all besides."

"I should think that was enough," said Dora.

"You won't find it so when you begin to provide things by yourself. Then there's ham, salt pork, smoked beef, codfish, bacon, and all those things that are good on an emergency, and another set that you need for desserts; gelatine, corn starch, sago, tapioca, farina, lemons, raisins, dried currants, citron, and wine if you use it—some people don't, and have very good tables, too. I suppose you have tea, coffee, and sugar by the quantity."

"Yes; boxes and bags and barrels of them. Will you write out that list for me, cousin Helen?"

"Yes; that is what I was going to do. You know they're not all by any means necessary, but they are all convenient. I'll arrange the 'must-haves' at the top and the 'may-wants' below, so you needn't trouble yourself with those unless you have plenty of time."

"There, I believe that's the last," said Dora, as she prepared to wring out her dish-cloth.

"When I've been doing a regular dish-washing," answered her cousin, "I throw out the water and wash

out the pan and cloth with some fresh hot suds; if you don't they *will* smell greasy. And you know greasy water must never be thrown into the sink; it clogs the pipes. You have to carry it to the sewer-hole outside."

"I shouldn't think it would do any harm," said Dora, "it's all water."

"Every little particle of grease that lodges against the side of the pipe hardens there, and finally makes a cake that either fills up the pipe altogether, if there is a bend in it, or makes the water run out more slowly. But how dim the lamp is getting."

"Annie must have forgotten it, or perhaps she didn't do any of them this morning. I'll get the can and fill it."

"Not for your eyes! Never, never, *never* fill a lamp in the evening if there's any earthly way of avoiding it. See if there isn't another ready; if not, we'll light a candle."

"I could do it carefully, cousin Helen," said Dora, as she brought another lamp from the closet.

"You might do it without danger if you put it out first and let it get entirely cold, and then set your lighted candle ever so far off, to fill it by; but the best way is

to make a rule that it shall never be done. Half of the frightful accidents we read of are from people's filling lamps while they are lighted, and another quarter by having a light near them while 'they are filled.'"

"And the other quarter?"

"Probably by letting them fall as they are carried about, or knocking them over; I never counted."

"You forget the times when cooks kindle a fire with kerosene."

"So I do; and that reminds me that mother always keeps her can under lock and key until she is sure what kind of girl she has. Ours is always directed to fill the lamps as soon as she has done her breakfast; then if we have any doubts of her, we watch to see that she does it, and afterward lock up the can till the next morning."

"Now I may as well settle about breakfast," said Dora.

"The ham ought to be parboiled before it is fried, or rather soaked in warm water," said Mrs. Grant. "It makes it so much more delicate. If you'll bring it up I'll get it all ready to-night, for I know mother Mopp won't have the patience to do it. She is one of the slashing kind. She'd cut it in great thick slices, then fry it

for ten minutes over a fire hot enough to scorch it without cooking it through, and send it in with a feeling of perfect self satisfaction."

Mrs. Grant cut some thin, even slices from the ham, carefully trimmed off the rind and laid them in a saucepan, pouring hot water over them. "After they have soaked half an hour," said she, "I'll pour off the water and they'll be all ready to go on the fire in the morning. I'll send in the eggs as soon as I go home, and if you want them really nice, you must poach them yourself. Mrs. Mopp. will fry them until they're as tough as leather."

"What kind of thing must I do them in?"

"A frying pan, in water that is just simmering, not boiling. You can tell by the looks of them when they are done. As soon as the whites are set so that you don't see any liquid part about them, they are ready, and you must take them out carefully without any water and lay them on the ham. Have you any parsley?"

"I think not."

"This is one of the dishes that looks very pretty with a garnish of curled parsley round the edge—but no matter. Now bring along your potatoes. Just take off the outermost layer of brown skin, that flakes off easily.

The inside one won't do any harm. Then you must take a very sharp knife and cut them in slices as you would a loaf of bread, and they'll fry beautifully. Its fortunate they were not overdone, or they would crumble. Did you ever make coffee?"

"No," said Dora, "and papa thinks more of his coffee than of anything else. I wonder if Mrs. Moppett knows how?"

"After her fashion, no doubt she does; but I wouldn't trust her. Just look in Amy's book, No. 31, and you'll find the exact directions. Half the quantities given there will be plenty, of course. You couldn't very well make less than that. Take only the white of an egg and save the yolk for something else."

"I wonder if I ought to do anything with the clothes to-night?" asked Dora.

"I declare, you're a better housekeeper than I am! I forgot all about them. Oh, that good Annie! They are all ready to sprinkle and fold down—starched things and all. How she must have worked!"

"I think it was the least she could do," said Dora, who still cherished feelings of resentment against the deserter. "Will you show me how much water I ought to put on them?"

"Not to-night; do you go straight to your lessons and forget everything else until you're called in the morning. Ask your father to wake you early, and then you can sleep comfortably. If you have anything on your mind you'll be waking up at all sorts of hours from three o'clock on; at least, I always do. I'll fold down the clothes; I like to."

"Oh, Cousin Helen, how good you are! I wish I could do something for *you*."

"Not a bit of it. You'll have plenty of chances in the course of your life to do just as much for other people. All you need is to be ready when the time comes. That's the best way to return favors; it makes no difference who the other party is. Now be off with you, and don't let me see your face again to-night."

So Dora learned her lessons and went to bed, fully convinced in her own mind that her Cousin Helen was the third best woman in the world. When the clothes were folded down ready for ironing, the latter made a visit to Mr. Greenwood, who was reading in the parlor.

"What do you want for dinner to-morrow, Uncle Will?" said she.

"We have just had beef; suppose I send home a leg of mutton?"

"Very well; and please send some turnips and tomatoes with it. You won't expect any made desserts while you are without a cook?"

"N–no; but I'm very tired of peaches."

"Do you like cooked pears?" inquired his niece.

"Yes, they're good," said Mr. Greenwood.

"Then please send home half a peck of the right kind, and tell Dora that she will find some new recipes in her book—all she'll need for dinner to-morrow. I'll just sit down and copy them here, and leave the book with you."

"Will you have a pencil?" asked Mr. Greenwood.

"No, I thank you! I've strained my eyes too much in trying to decipher old recipes scribbled in pencil. I always write them in ink, now. This is to be in use for the next twenty years, you know." And providing herself with pen and ink, Mrs. Grant wrote out the following:

Roast Leg of Mutton.

Allow twelve minutes to every pound, if your fire is quick; if slow, fifteen; rather more in proportion if the piece is small. Place the leg in a dripping-pan, and pour over it a teacupful of boiling water. Sprinkle it with a little salt and pepper; when it begins to roast,

place a small lump of butter on the top, and dredge with flour. Baste once in fifteen minutes; at first with salted water kept ready in a bowl, and as soon as there is enough of it, with the gravy. Thicken the gravy with a little browned flour. N. B.—Currant jelly is particularly suitable with roast mutton.

Potatoes *au naturel.*

Take potatoes as nearly of a size as possible, pare them, and cover them with boiling water, allowing an even teaspoonful of salt to each quart. Boil until done, which will be in half an hour, if they are of moderate size; less, if they are very small. When done, drain off the water and let them stand in the pot, uncovered, five minutes longer. Then dish quickly, and serve. If boiled in their jackets—that is, with the skins on—a piece of skin should be cut from each end, or a strip round the middle, and if served without paring, a small sauce-plate must be set at each place at table for the skins. If your family require potatoes always for breakfast, be sure to cook an extra quantity for dinner.

Boiled Turnips.

Salt the water as for potatoes; plunge them in when it

is boiling; the time required will be from twenty minutes, for very young ones, to an hour for old ones; must be kept boiling every minute. If tender enough to eat without mashing, cut them into the size of small turnips and cover with drawn-butter sauce; or, stir in among them butter, pepper and salt to taste. If older, mash them very smooth in a tin-pan, with a wooden spoon, first draining off all the water in a colander; then season with salt and butter, sprinkling pepper over the top.

Stewed Tomatoes.

Begin to prepare the tomatoes at least an hour before dinner. Lay them in boiling water until the skins will come off easily, then cut them small and cook in a tin or porcelain-lined sauce-pan—never in iron. Season with pepper and salt, cover closely, and stew until perfectly tender. Then stir in (for a family of from six to eight persons) a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of white sugar, and enough grated stale bread-crumbs, or rolled cracker, to thicken. Pour into a dish that will stand heat, and set in the oven for fifteen minutes.

Baked Pears.

Wash them clean, pack them in a round baking-dish

which can be closely covered, pour a cupful of water in the bottom of the dish, and bake until perfectly soft all through. For sweet pears no sugar need be added; for the common baking pear, a cup-full previously dissolved in the water will not be too much for a moderate-sized baking dish.

Stewed Pears.

Cut the blossom end out of sweet pears and stew until tender, in water enough to cover them; add sugar to taste, and stew very slowly for a quarter of an hour longer. Then take out the pears and lay dry in a dish; throw into the syrup half a dozen cloves and the same of whole allspice, boil fifteen minutes and pour over the fruit while hot.

When Mrs. King went in early the next morning to reconnoitre, she found Dora pouring over her receipt-book.

"What is 'basting,' aunt Jane?"

"Pouring gravy or water over meat; generally what is in the baking-pan. You do it with a long-handled iron spoon."

"I know what 'dredging' is, but how do you brown flour for the gravy?"

"Put it into a very clean frying pan, and shake it round until it looks as brown as toast, but don't let it burn."

"Why do you say potatoes 'au naturel?'"

"Oh, we call them so at home, just for fun, because that is the French expression. It would seem to imply that plain boiling was the *natural* way to cook vegetables, and all others artificial."

"There's no receipt for drawn butter sauce."

"You'll find that in Amy's book, No. 178. How did you make out for breakfast this morning?"

"Very nicely; Mrs. Moppett was here early and I came down half an hour before breakfast to set the table, and found Cousin Helen had set it over night! wasn't it sweet in her? So I saw to the cooking generally, and made the coffee and poached the eggs all by myself, and everything was good. But just think! Mrs. Moppett says she can't possibly come to-morrow!"

"Perhaps we shall hear of some one else by that time. You must get Miss Weston to excuse you as many hours as possible from school, and do what you can at home."

"Yes, she said yesterday I could be excused at eleven and needn't come again till two. I can do ever so much

in that time. Mrs. Mopp. is only going to wash the dishes and then go directly to ironing; I can do all the rest."

"Be sure to call on her for all the heavy work, lifting kettles and so on. You mustn't strain your back. Do you think you can get a dinner with her help after your cousin Helen's directions?"

"Oh, yes, I know I can. Papa is going to send home everything I shall need. Which way shall I do the pears?"

"Baking is the easiest, so cook them that way to-day. Another time you can try the receipt for stewing."

CHAPTER IV

SOPHIE'S LESSONS.

By flying round "like a pea on a hot shovel," as James irreverently and ungratefully said, Dora managed to accomplish the minor business of the house—making beds, brushing up, dusting, filling lamps and giving the children their lunch, in the intervals before and between school-sessions. It was not quite as thoroughly done, perhaps, as if she had taken the whole morning to it, but it did very well, and gave Mrs. Moppett an undisturbed day for her ironing.

Next came the grand business of preparing the dinner, and by following closely the written directions it was served precisely at six in creditable style. It was the custom in the family, where a good sized roast always lasted two days, to have it cooked rather rare on the first day, and cut from one side only; on the second it was put into the oven half an hour beforehand, or longer if the fire was slow, and made its appearance a second time,

looking just as well as at first, though perhaps a little more done than would have suited an epicure. All gravy left over, especially that on the dish, was carefully saved, and with what the meat was basted with when re-cooked, and a little browned flour, made a good dish for the second cooking.

The next day's meat being thus provided, the vegetables came next in order, and Mrs. Grant having made the selection, wrote down the recipes, as follows:

Mashed Potato.

Boil pared potatoes with very little salt so as to be ready fifteen or twenty minutes before dinner. Then drain thoroughly, sprinkle over them the rest of the salt needed, and mash in the iron pot with a wooden masher. Stir in while doing this, a table-spoonful of butter for an ordinary dishfull, and milk enough to work smoothly. Be sure to leave no lumps in it. When perfectly smooth, pack into a dish, round it up over the top, and set into a quick oven to brown.

It is well to prepare about twice as much potato as will be wanted for dinner, putting the additional quantity in an oval kitchen dish and smoothing it over the top with-

out browning. This may be used for breakfast in two ways. Cut into slices about half an inch thick and fry on the griddle, or make into small flat balls, with a little more milk if necessary, and fry in a frying pan.

Succotash.

Shell your beans and cut the corn from the cob (if string beans are used, cut them into very short pieces): allow one-third more corn than beans, cover them with boiling water and stew half an hour, or three-quarters if the corn is rather old, stirring occasionally. Then pour off most of the water and add a large cupful of milk; stew in this very gently for an hour, taking care that it does not burn, then add a tablespoonful of butter rubbed together with a teaspoonful of flour, and pepper and salt to taste. This dish will bear more pepper than most vegetables. Serve hot.

In winter, if this dish is made with dried beans, these will need boiling until tender before the canned corn is put in. Heat the corn boiling hot in a separate saucepan before adding it, and put in with it a piece of boiled salt pork. Let all simmer together for half an hour, take out the pork, and serve.

Cauliflower.

If your cauliflower is large and handsome, take off the leaves and cook it whole, cutting off the stalk close to the flower. Place it in the saucepan with the stalk down, and cover with a mixture of boiling hot milk and water, slightly salted. Stew very gently until done, which will be in about half an hour if it boils all the time; then drain in a colander, lay carefully in a dish, and cover with hot drawn butter. Very particular cooks let the flowers lie in cold salt and water for half an hour, with the heads downward.

If the cauliflowers are small and poor, cut them into clusters which you can hold in a tablespoon, lay them in salt and water to draw out any insects that may be concealed, and stew as above for fifteen minutes. Then drain off all but about half a teacupful of water, cover with half a cupful of thickened milk in which two tablespoonfuls of butter have been dissolved, and stew five minutes longer. Always serve in a covered dish.

Batter Pudding.

One pint milk, four eggs, beaten separately, two cups flour, one teaspoon salt, a pinch soda. Bake in a but-

tered dish three-quarters of an hour. If the rest of the dinner and changing plates will occupy half an hour, do not put in the pudding to bake until fifteen minutes before dinner, as it ought to be served the moment it is taken from the oven. Eat with sweet sauce.

You can boil this pudding if you wish in a well-buttered mould, taking care that the water never stops boiling for an instant. Time, two hours.

Peach Pudding.

Pare whole peaches and cover the bottom of a pudding-dish closely with them, then pour over a batter made as above. It will require somewhat longer baking than without the peaches.

"Well, Dora, what do you think of my bill of fare?" asked Mrs. Grant, when she had finished writing.

"But, Cousin Helen," answered the young cook with a look of dismay, "Mrs. Moppett isn't coming to-morrow, and I shall be all alone!"

"Bless your heart! I didn't know that. Then we'll alter the bill of fare entirely. Ask Mrs. Mopp. to wash a pan full of potatoes and leave them all ready for baking; boil some green corn on the cob—you know how to

take off the husks and silk, don't you?—and slice up some coldslaw, and let each one dress it for himself. That will be a nice dinner, and almost no trouble. Don't forget to salt the water for the corn; it will need to boil about half an hour. As for the dessert, I'll make something and send in from our house. Have you anything for breakfast?"

"I don't know," said Dora.

"Do you ever eat mackerel?"

"Yes, we have a keg of it in the cellar."

"That will do, then; cut up the cold potatoes from dinner and do them according to the *maitre d'hotel* recipe in Amy's book. They go well with mackerel. If you want another dish, scrambled eggs are nice and easy."

"How shall I do them?" asked Dora.

"Here are the recipes:"

Salt Mackerel.

Soak over-night in lukewarm milk and water. The first thing in the morning, pour off this and lay it in the coldest water you have. Split it flat through the middle, and fifteen minutes before breakfast lay it on a well-but-

tered gridiron, the inside downward. As soon as it begins to brown turn it, and when done lay it on a hot dish, butter it, and sprinkle on pepper—not too much, as more can be added afterward. If you wish it very nice, cover it with another hot dish of the same shape for a few minutes before sending to table.

Scrambled Eggs.

Break the eggs whole into a bowl, allowing two for each person at table; heat a tablespoonful of butter very hot in a frying pan, turn in the eggs and stir constantly for three minutes, adding a little pepper and salt. Have ready beforehand some buttered toast laid in a dish and cut into pieces suitable for helping, pour the eggs upon this and serve immediately.

"You needn't make the toast, you know," said Mrs. Grant, "if you're pressed for time; but I put it in for future use."

"I don't think we have bread enough to last over to-morrow," said Dora. "It's baking day."

"You must buy it, of course, until you get some one here regularly. We're looking out for you, you know, with all our might. Mother Mopp. will come on Thursday, won't she?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"Just leave all the dinner dishes for her, as you did before, and then, as she has very little more ironing, she can make the beds and put the house in order, and you can go to school as usual. How did you make out with the coffee?"

"Papa said it was very good, but that he didn't care for it so strong."

"I'll give you another recipe:"

Coffee.

Take two heaping tablespoonfuls of ground coffee, stir them up well with the white of an egg (this you can do when eggs are plenty; when they are not, a little cold water and a piece of well-dried fish-skin will do); pour on one pint of boiling water and boil gently for ten minutes; then set it on the back of the stove; when it stops boiling, dash in quickly a tablespoonful of cold water; let it stand for five minutes, then pour carefully from the boiler into the coffee pot.

Soyer's Coffee.

Put the coffee dry into the pot over the fire; stir it while heating; pour over boiling water in the proportion

of a quart to an ounce; keep it hot, but not boiling, for ten minutes; then serve.

"Now let us put the mackerel to soak and set the table," said Cousin Helen. "We can cut up the potatoes and set everything where it will be most easily got at in the morning, and ask Mrs. Moppett to leave wood ready by the stove. You won't need coal to cook the breakfast by. I'll ask your father to send James down at six o'clock to make the fire, and I'll come in and help with the breakfast things."

"Don't you think I might better stay at home from school?"

"Certainly not; leave the key with us and we'll have an eye to the house and see that nobody breaks in; you can come home as you did to-day and do what there isn't time for in the morning, and that very simple dinner you'll have no trouble with. You'll not need any more fire until the afternoon, so it can go down after we've washed the breakfast things. This is all good practice for you in house-keeping, little woman; better than if you had an Annie always at your side! And when you do get another good one, your peace of mind will be something delightful."

A short time before the dinner was ready the next afternoon, Amy appeared with a dish on which stood a beautiful mould of blancmange, and another of wine jelly.

"Mamma, let me make these for you myself," said she; "the receipts for them are in my little book. I made twice as much of each, and we are to have the other half for dinner at home. And mamma says she has engaged a girl for you, and she'll be in about seven o'clock this evening."

"Oh, good, good!" exclaimed Dora, taking the dish from the little messenger and kissing her rapturously. "You dear little tot! Did you do it all alone?"

"Yes, only mamma told me how."

"I'd like to see Milly cooking! However, she's a year younger than you. Tell Aunt Jane I'm very, *very* much obliged, and that I shall welcome her new girl as my dearest friend."

True to her appointment, a rosy-cheeked German girl appeared at the hour named, just as the family were rising from the dinner table. Mrs. King had thought it best not to come in to introduce her, but to leave Dora to feel out her own way.

"What is your name?" asked the youug lady, after the usual greetings had passed.

"Sophie."

"Have you been used to working for a family?"

"Yes, very used."

"Can you do all kinds of work, washing, and cooking, and everything?"

"Yes, the lady where I lived did not keep no other girl, and she have a very large family."

"Very well, I think you will suit me; now take off your things and you can clear off the table, and I'll show you where to put the dishes. Or perhaps you want some dinner?"

"No, I have had my supper before I came."

So Dora began by showing her new maid all the arrangements of her dining-room closet; how the glasses must go together on one shelf, the finger-bowls in another place, the forks and large spoons each in its own compartment of the spoon-basket, and the teaspoons in the little place at the end—"never mix the forks and spoons, for you know they scratch each other"—how the table-cloths had their drawer, the best ones in a pile at the back, and those for everyday use in front, and the nap-

kins—breakfast, dinner and tea—must lie each on its own pile and not intrude upon its neighbor's; then how the crumbs on the carpet must be brushed up, and the dust-pan and brush be returned each to its own nail,—all this and much more did the enthusiastic young housekeeper detail without noticing the look of weary patience in her listener, which would have served as a warning to a person of more experience. The dining-room service being finished they proceeded to the kitchen, where a new set of instructions awaited the puzzled handmaid.

"Now here are the brooms; this best one is to sweep the carpets, and the other for the bare floors. You must never set them down on the floor—that ruins them, you know—but always hang them by the string on these nails. And when you sweep, never sweep the dust out of one room into another, or out of doors; always take it up in the dust-pan in each room. It makes less dust, and saves trouble in the end. Always keep plenty of hot water on the stove; you can't wash up the dinner dishes and all the pots and kettles without changing the water several times. These soft towels are for glass and silver, and the crash ones for the rest, and when you get through with them it's best not to hang them up in a string, but

spread them over the backs of chairs until they are dry, and then fold them up, all but one that you hang up for occasional use."

Then followed an elaborate series of directions about the care of the fragments of the feast; how no fat was ever to be thrown away, and no remains of vegetables or desserts set away in the table dishes, which would have to be washed before being used again, but in kitchen dishes, that the others might be washed and put away; how the knives should be scoured before being put in the box, to be ready for the next meal, and so forth. All these things Dora had learned from her Cousin Helen, and took it for granted that the cook was as ignorant as the school girl had been.

"Now we must think about breakfast," said she when she had exhausted herself on the subject of dish-washing. "There is plenty of meat on that mutton-bone for a nice dish, and I'll tell you a good way to warm it up." So she read from Amy's book the recipe for "mutton *réchauffé*." "Do you think you could do that?"

"Oh, yes; I always warm it over so."

"And be sure you save the bone for soup. Don't throw it away. What *shall* we do for potatoes? Here isn't a beginning of enough for breakfast."

"Dey will do just as well raw; I will make you a nice dish of dem."

"Oh, I didn't know you could have raw potatoes cut up small. How do you do them?"

"I cut dem up in little small squares after dey are pared, and let dem soak in cold water while I am setting de table; then I fry in a good deal of very hot lard—enough for dem to swim in."

"Can you make bread?"

"Oh, yes; shall I set a sponge to-night?"

"A sponge? What is that?"

"It is de beginning of de bread, when you put de yeast for to rise."

"Yes, you'd better set a sponge; but what shall we do for breakfast? I don't think there's enough bread even for that, and it's awfully dry."

"I can make you some light rolls out of my sponge, and de dry bread shall be for milk-toast with your lunch."

"All right; we'll do it that way. I suppose you know about coffee?"

"Yes, I tink you will like my coffee. All de people where I have live say it was very good."

"Then I think that's all. Oh! Papa said he should like some oatmeal porridge. Did you ever make that?"

"Yes, every morning."

"What is your receipt?"

"Receipt?"

"Yes; the way you make it."

"Oh! I take tree pints boiling water, one teaspoonful salt, one pint oatmeal, and I boil it for ten minutes and stir it very often, with one wooden spoon; and before I begin I pick out all de little black speckles."

"Well, I suppose that's right; at all events we can try it. Now, I'll go if you think you can get along by yourself."

"I tink so. Please what time you have breakfast?"

"Half-past seven exactly; papa is very punctual."

And at half-past seven exactly the breakfast was on the table, beautifully cooked; the room had been nicely dusted, and the rosy-cheeked maid stood ready to give a smiling "good morning" to her mistress.

"Good morning, Sophy; oh, mercy, what a looking table! I forgot to tell you how to set it. We never put on the things that way." And Dora darted around, straightning and arranging things in her own fashion, regardless of the hurt looks of the cook, who could not have been expected to know by instinct a mode she had never heard of.

"The waiter always goes at the end of the table—not in the middle—and the knives must be put straight at the side of the plate and the forks laid across beyond the plate so as just to touch them,—not that way, but with the handles to the left, where you want to take hold of them—and you havn't put on any mats, and the tumblers must go at the right-hand side of the plates, and the spoons for breakfast are laid in front of each dish—it is only for dinner that we put them round the salt-cellars; and you haven't warmed the plates! You know we need them hot for breakfast, just the same as for dinner, or the meat will be spoiled, and—"

"My dear Dora," interposed her father, who had just came in and heard the latter part of her directions, "don't make such a fuss about trifles; Sophy can learn all these little matters gradually. It is of no consequence how the table looks, provided the things taste good, and that I'm sure they do, for they look capital, and the smell alone is enough to give you an appetite. I think Sophy has done extremely well."

The girl looked pleased with Mr. Greenwood's praise, and Dora, somewhat abashed, left her catalogue of omissions unfinished.

"You can go up into the bedrooms now," said she, in an aside, "and take off all the bed-clothes and hang them on chairs and leave them to air; then you can empty the slops and put the washstands in order—you'll find all the things for it in that large closet next to your room,—then you can brush down the stairs with the dust-pan and brush, and be sure to go well into the corners, and brush up the halls as you go along, and then dust the parlors and pick up any little thing you see on the carpet (the duster and all those things are in the little closet at the end of the hall), and by that time we shall have done our breakfast and you can clear off the table. Oh, stop a minute," she called out, as Sophie was going up stairs, "what's this in the cream-pitcher?"

"That is what you call mock cream; I see you had no real cream, some people like dis better."

"We generally have boiled milk, but I dare say this is very nice."

So Mr. Greenwood found it on tasting his coffee, and desired Dora to procure the recipe, which was as follows:

Mock Cream.

Heat a quart of new milk; work together a dessert-

spoonful of sweet butter with a teaspoonful flour, thin it with a little of the hot milk (not boiling); when perfectly smooth add the rest of the milk and boil five minutes, stirring constantly, then remove from the fire and beat for five minutes longer; have ready the yolks of two eggs beaten very light and stir into the cream while hot, mix well, strain through a fine sieve, and beat again until perfectly light. Do not put this over the fire again after the eggs are added, but keep warm.

"Let me know as soon as you have done your breakfast," said Dora when Sophie came down to clear the table, "and I'll go up and show you about the bedrooms."

"I don't care for any breakfast yet, I'd rather go now," replied Sophie.

"Would you really? Well, that will do all the better for me, because then I can get off to school in time. But I'm afraid you're hungry."

Sophie protested that she was not, and Dora took her on a tour through the rooms.

"The things about the washstands all look very clean, but they're not on straight; the basin ought to be exactly in the middle of the washstand and the other things at

the ends; and the soap-dish must be covered and the wash-cloth wrung out and spread on the towel rack just like a towel. And then these towels are not even; some of them hang down ever so much farther than others. You'll find a can and rags for the bed-room lamps in the same closet where the slop-pail is; we never have the lamps carried up and down stairs if we can help it. The other can is in one of the kitchen closets. You ought to have opened the windows when you took off the bed-clothes; mamma tried to make the children do it, but they never remember it. However, if we do it now, the beds will be aired enough to make up by the time you've done your breakfast. We don't roll up the nightgowns and put them under the pillows—the doctor says it isn't healthy—they must all be hung up in the closets. There's a bag for soiled clothes in every room, and when you find anything dirty lying round the floor, you must put it in the bag in the closet. All the general house-linen goes into the basket in the linen-closet, and you gather them all up Monday morning. There is a bag for soiled tablecloths and napkins down stairs."

"What is going to be for dinner?" inquired Sophie when Dora paused for want of breath.

"I don't know, but Papa 'll send home something; he always does, and then you can cook it accordingly. You can take the mutton-bone and break it up very fine with the axe, and boil it to-day for to-morrow's soup. You know how to make soup?"

"Yes, we always had it every day. And shall I make you one of my own Germany puddings? I tink you will like it."

"Yes, do," said Dora; "and now it's time for me to get the children ready for school, so I'll leave you to yourself."

"I do not tink dere will be enough bones here to make a good soup," said Sophie. "If your Papa will send a small piece shank-bone home, just two or tree pounds, it will be much better."

"He is gone," said Dora, "but I'll stop at the butcher's on my way to school and order it. And be sure you have lunch ready when we come in from school, for we're always awfully hungry."

CHAPTER V.

TOO GOOD TO LAST.

THE children were agreeably surprised by seeing a new dish at lunch, in addition to the milk-toast promised them. It consisted of eggs, boiled for ten minutes so as to be perfectly hard, then peeled, cut in two across the middle and laid on a dish, the flat sides downward; they were then covered with a thick drawn-butter sauce in which some parsley was chopped up. James pronounced it "prime," Bertie considered it "bully," and the girls testified their approbation by scraping the dish until not a scrap remained.

"That was very nice milk-toast, Sophy," said Dora; "how did you make it?"

"I rub a even tablespoonful of flour with tree of butter and a teaspoonful of salt; when dey are very smooth den I stir dem into de milk; de milk stand in a pan over boiling water; if you put it right on de stove it get lumpy, or perhaps it burn; den when it is tick enough I

take it off and set it where it will not get any more tick, but just keep warm. Den I make my toast very quick before a hot fire, and dip every slice in boiling water, and butter it a little before I lay it in de dish; and den pour de hot milk over it. It is better if you have a little real cream, besides de milk."

"It is good enough, any way," answered Dora. "Now come into the parlor a minute; I want to show you about it."

Sophie did as she was directed, and listened to a very minute explanation of the place in which each thing should be set; the proper point to which the shades should be lowered; the necessity of placing the chairs with easy negligence, and not straight back against the wall—all of which was so much Greek to the bewildered German girl, who had spent her life in doing hard work, and could not appreciate the value of these little refinements. When Dora came home from school in the afternoon, she gave directions about the dinner-table, so as to avoid the disappointment of the morning.

"Don't forget the mats; the dishes are very likely to make ashy marks on the tablecloth if you do. Put the dish of meat before Papa and one of the vegetables before

me and one at each side of the table. Then as fast as Papa helps the meat you take each plate and set it down from the right hand side, but when you hand round the vegetables afterward, and we have to help ourselves, you must do it from the left hand side, because that is the most convenient. You needn't put on any butter for dinner; we don't use it with hot meat. Cut the bread into solid chunks, as you saw it last night—not into thin pieces as we have it for breakfast and lunch. The saucers and spoons for the pudding must be ready on the sideboard before dinner; you can put them all together by me when you set on the pudding after you've brushed the tablecloth. When we get through dinner, you must take away all the plates first, because they don't look nice after they are done with; then the large dishes, and last of all the casters and salt-cellars, and pickles and such things."

"Where shall I put de bread?" inquired the waiting-maid.

"You must lay a piece by each plate, at the left hand side, and have a few pieces on a plate on the sideboard in case any one should want more. But they don't generally."

The dinner, which consisted of beefsteak, potatoes, beets and Lima beans, was as excellent as the breakfast; and the pudding was so exceedingly nice that Mr. Greenwood told Dora he would like her to get the recipe. So she asked for directions for that and the other dishes, and wrote them down in her book, only substituting her own language for the somewhat diffuse speech of the foreigner.

To Broil Beefsteak.

Place the steak on a gridiron over a clear fire, and as soon as the under side is seared over, take it up carefully with two forks and let the juice run off from the top on a platter, which must be set over a kettle of boiling water. Turn the steak, and while the other side is cooking cut up a lump of butter into the gravy on the hot platter, and add pepper and salt. Turn the steak twice more, allowing about three minutes to each time of cooking, making twelve minutes in all; if the fire is good it will then be ready to dish. Lay it on the platter and press it down into the gravy, first on one side and then on the other; if there does not seem to be enough gravy, add more butter, but be sure to keep the platter hot all the time. Then turn another platter over it and let it stand in the

open oven five minutes while you are carrying in the rest of the dinner. Wipe the gravy neatly off the edge of the dish with a clean, damp cloth.

Beets.

Boil the beets whole, as cutting them loses the sweet juice. If old, they need to be boiled several hours. When they are perfectly tender, lay them in cold water and take off the skins. If very young they can be cut into two or four pieces lengthwise, but if old, into thin slices, then put them in a steamer to heat again. Boil together two tablespoonfuls vinegar, the same of melted butter, four of water, one not quite even full of coffee-sugar, one teaspoonful salt, half do. pepper; place the beets in the dish they are to be served in, cover quickly and serve hot.

Lima Beans.

Soak in a pan of cold water for an hour, then put over the fire with more water than enough to cover them; when stewed tender, pour off the water and stir in a lump of butter, pepper and salt to taste. Serve hot.

Stewed Potatoes.

If large, cut into halves or quarters. Soak in cold

water one hour, then put over the fire with fresh cold water enough to cover them, and salt. When nearly done, turn off all the water but about half a pint, add the same quantity of milk and bring to a boil. Stir in a large tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful flour rubbed smooth in cold milk, and a handful of chopped parsley. This is best for old potatoes.

German Raised Pudding.

Half a pound flour stirred into a pint milk; mix into the middle two tablespoonfuls lively homemade yeast; let it rise; when light add two ounces softened butter, six ounces blanched almonds chopped fine or pounded, with the white of an egg, a saltspoonful salt, half a pound Zante currants washed very clean, and five eggs beaten separately; mix well, and let it stand until light; cover closely, and boil for three hours; do not let the water come quite to the top of the bag or form, that the cooking may be done partly by steam; have boiling water always at hand to fill up with as it boils down too low.

Sophy's Pudding Sauce.

Stir to a cream one cup of butter with two of granulated sugar; add one teacup boiling water; when partly

cooled stir in an egg beaten very light, and half a teaspoon flour rubbed smooth in a little cold water; heat over the fire until it thickens sufficiently. A little nutmeg improves it, but be careful not to get in too much.

Dora had been studying her lessons for more than an hour after dinner, and was just going to bed, when she was surprised by the sight of Sophie, who came into her room with bonnet and shawl on, and a small bundle of clothes in her hand.

"I'm going away," said she; "I tink I can not do your work good enough to suit you."

"Why, Sophy!" exclaimed Dora, "you do it beautifully. What put that into your head?"

"Dere are so many little tings I no understand. I always do hard work, but I cannot learn de little tings. You can get somebody suit you better."

"No, I can't," said Dora, stoutly; "and it's no matter about the little things. You can soon learn to do them, and if you don't it's of no consequence. We can get along perfectly well. I don't wan't you to go away at all."

"I must go; my sister have found a place for me where

de lady she take care of de rooms and set de table, and I only do cooking and washing and ironing. I can not stay; she have promised for me."

"But you ought not to leave me so without any notice, and nobody to cook the breakfast!"

"I have left de potatoes in de dish all cut up and ready to heat over, and dere is plenty of bread; you can boil some eggs, and it will not be no worse for you dan it was de day I come here. Good bye."

"But wait till I speak to papa. He will want to pay you, and perhaps he would give you more wages."

"No, I would not take no pay for so little time, and I could not stay for no wages. Good bye." And Sophy made her way down stairs and out of the front door before Dora could recover from her astonishment

When she appreciated the situation she burst into a torrent of tears, and cried until she had relieved her feelings somewhat, then slipped down stairs and into her Aunt Jane's, and with swelled eyes and choked utterance, told the story of her woes.

"You poor child!" said Mrs. King, when she had by skillful questions drawn from Dora the whole account of her management since Sophy had been with her. "I

can see exactly how it was. You wanted perfect service, and thought the material was favorable, and so you put a heavier load on Sophy than she was able to bear. If you had asked her to cook and wash for a family of twenty, she would probably have done it cheerfully, but she couldn't stand the waiting. I remember making just such a mistake in my young days. It's too bad! I wish I had warned you, but it never occurred to me."

"It isn't for myself I care, Aunt Jane," sobbed poor Dora, "but after your taking so much trouble for me, to have it go for nothing! And papa, I don't dare to face him! He liked Sophy's cooking so much, and he'll think I'm not fit to be a housekeeper at all. Oh, dear! I wish I could go to sleep and sleep till mamma came home again. I wish I'd never been born!"

"Don't talk so, my dear child; you must take your share of the trials of the world just as the rest of us have to. As for my trouble, you needn't think of it for a moment. I'll try again, and we'll hope for better luck next time. And I'll tell your father all about it. He won't reproach you when he understands that it was only because you wanted to do so well that you got into trouble. Now let us go over and see what is the prospect for breakfast."

"Oh, thank you, Aunt Jane! You're always so kind. But please don't say anything about it before Amy, or she'll tell the children and I shall never hear the last of it."

Mrs. King promised to be wary, and both went in to make an inspection of the larder. As Sophie had said, there was a nice dish of potatoes left from dinner, cut up, ready to heat over, and an abundance of good, light bread.

"If you have any dried beef, that makes a nice dish for breakfast at short notice," said Aunt Jane. "I'll give you the recipe."

Frizzled Beef.

Shave dried beef as thin as possible; stew ten minutes in just enough water to cover it, then drain off the water and add a tablespoonful of butter, rubbed with a teaspoonful flour; also two eggs beaten very light, a little pepper, and half a cup of milk. Stir all together over the fire for two minutes, and serve in a covered dish that it may be hot. It is nicer with toast under it.

"Now, do you go to bed, Dora," said her Aunt, "and I'll tell your father all about it, and about calling you in

the morning. You musn't feel too badly about your experiences; I assure you, many people have much worse ones—with dishonest servants, for instance, who give away your provisions, or run off with silver and money! Just go on bravely and do your best, and it will all come out right in the end."

The next day being Friday, Dora was able to spend her afternoon in the kitchen without being troubled by the thought of lessons, and Mrs. King arranged a simple bill of fare within the compass of her powers as cook.

Mutton Chops.

Trim off all superfluous fat and skin, and broil on a gridiron over a clear fire. Add a very little pepper and salt while cooking, and butter them after placing them on a hot dish.

Chops may also be fried in a little butter or sweet pork fat, seasoned with pepper and salt. When done, lay dry on a dish and add a little browned flour and hot water to the gravy over the fire; when this is thickened, pour it over the chops.

Baked Tomatoes.

Take off the skins after laying in boiling water; slice

about a quarter of an inch thick and place in layers in a baking dish, seasoning each layer with pepper, salt, and a dust of white sugar. Bake covered for a half an hour, then remove the cover and brown for fifteen minutes. Five minutes before taking from the oven, pour over the top three tablespoonsful of cream, whipped up with a little melted butter. If you have no cream, add little bits of butter to the dressing between the layers.

A variation on this may be made by alternating layers of bread-crumbs with the tomatoes. Another is to grate an onion in among the layers.

Cucumbers.

Always lay cucumbers in cold water for an hour after being pared; it removes much of their unwholesomeness. Then slice extremely thin and season with pepper, salt and vinegar, some time before bringing them to table. Some persons like sweet-oil with them, but unless you know the tastes of all the guests, it is safer to leave this to be added at the table. To serve, lay small lumps of ice over them, which should be done at the last moment, so as not to weaken the vinegar.

Brown Betty.

One cup bread-crumbs, two cups tart apples, chopped

fine; half a cup sugar, two tablespoonsful butter cut into small bits, one teaspoonful ground cinnamon. Butter a deep dish, put a layer of apples at the bottom, sprinkle with sugar, bits of butter and cinnamon, then bread-crumbs, then apples again, and so on until the dish is full, leaving a layer of bread-crumbs at the top. Cover closely and steam three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven, then uncover and brown quickly. Eat with sweet liquid sauce.

"If you don't want to use Sophy's sauce again so soon," said Mrs. King, "you will find some recipes in Amy's book. Lemon sauce and fruit-pudding sauce are both nice."

In the afternoon Mrs. Grant announced that a cook had been found and would come in the evening. "I must confess that she doesn't look very promising," said she; "but she is said to be perfectly honest, and I see she has two hands and two feet; so she must be better than nothing."

About nine in the evening the person mentioned, Honor by name, made her appearance. "So its you that's the misthriss, is it?" she inquired as Dora took her into the kitchen, and added "I should think yez had time to have got the dinner dishes washed up by this time."

Dora had determined that if she were left again without a girl it should not be her fault, and she answered quietly.

"I had the clothes to mend this evening, and I've washed the glass and silver and the dessert-plates, but if you would rather leave these till to-morrow, you can; we shan't need any of them for breakfast."

"No, I'd ruther finish up my day's work while I'm about it;" and without further ado, Honor dashed plates, dishes and knives into the pan until it was piled full, put a lump of soap on the top and proceeded to cover the whole with water. But this was too much for Dora's philosophy, and she hastily interposed.

"We never put our knife-handles into hot water; it turns them yellow and makes them loose. Just let me take out the knives first, and you can wash them afterwards."

"Well, I expect I've washed more knives than you ever saw, and I never had any trouble with havin' the handles come off! But some folks is full o' notions."

"We have some cold potatoes to warm up for breakfast," said Dora, after the dishwashing operation was finished, she having in the mean time prudently set the

table for the next morning; "and some veal cutlets. I'll show you where to find every thing you'll need, and then I suppose you would like to go to bed."

"What a bother it is to have to grind yer coffee," observed the new "help," as she always called herself in conversation. "Where I lived they always bought it riddy ground."

"Mamma thinks it is nicer this way," answered Dora, resolved not to take offense. "And papa has boiled milk with it, because we have very little cream."

Seeing a moment when the cook's back was turned, she carried off the lamp-waiter and set it in the lock-up closet in the dining-room, thinking that this would be just the woman to light her fire with kerosene. Having given all necessary information, she retired in a somewhat perturbed state of mind, much relieved, however, at the thought that she would not have to get up and cook breakfast.

Her anxiety was not lessened when she came down the next morning, at half-past seven, the time which she had told Honor was the breakfast hour, and saw no signs of anything cooking on the stove, except the coffee, which was boiling furiously.

"It is time for breakfast," she said, after a polite "good morning" to the cook. "Isn't it ready?"

"No; there isn't nothing on yet," remarked Honor, with the utmost coolness.

"But didn't you understand that half-past seven was the hour?" inquired Dora, looking at the clock. "Papa is very punctual, and he always expects to have breakfast ready to put on the table as soon as he comes down."

"It ain't goin' to take long," answered Honor, as she brought out the cutlets and put them on to fry, and then returned to the pantry for the potatoes, which, to Dora's horror, were not even cut up. "I'll get these ready," she exclaimed, "while you put on the milk to boil, so that we can get on faster. I expect papa down every minute, and he wont like it at all if he has to wait for his breakfast."

"An' what wad yez be wantin' biled milk for?"

"For the coffee; don't you remember? I told you."

"Well, I've lived in a good many families, an' I niver seed one before where they biled the milk afore they'd put it into the coffee. Sure the coffee's bilin' enough, itself."

"We always have it so," said Dora, not thinking it worth while to enter into an argument on the subject.

"Now these potatoes are cut up, if you'll set on a frying pan and some lard, I'll put them over directly."

Honor did as she was desired to, and Dora went into the dining-room for the coffee-pot. When she returned, the potatoes were already over the stove, the lump of unmelted lard sticking up in the middle, and the outer edges of the frying pan quite cold.

"Oh, Honor, the potatoes oughtn't to have gone in until the lard was hot! They won't be nice at all, that way."

"Sure an' I thought it was in a hurry for breakfast yez wuz? It can't make no differ what time they're put in, so long's they're cooked."

It was useless to remonstrate, and Dora contented herself with giving what assistance she could, until the meal was placed upon the table. As she poured out her father's coffee, her heart sank within her. Thick, muddy stuff, diluted with lukewarm milk, and without any of the delicate aroma belonging to the beverage, was all she had to offer him.

"I can't give you any of this cutlet, children," said Mr. Greenwood as he cut off a piece which, though brown almost to burning on the upper side, was white on the under, and absolutely raw in the middle. "Nothing so

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unwholesome as underdone veal. Dora, these had better be cooked over for lunch. They're uneatable in their present state."

It required a great deal of self-control in Mr. Greenwood to suppress certain satirical remarks which rose to his lips at the sight and taste of the greasy, half-cold potatoes and wretched coffee; but he remembered the promise he had made to Mrs. King, and held his tongue. Accustomed to meals in which the incessant and watchful care of his wife had supplied every deficiency in the skill of her cooks, he was unprepared for such a revelation as this, and more disposed, in his own mind, to blame his unlucky daughter than if he had had any previous experience of such management. Dora stole up to him as he was leaving the room and whispered:

"It shan't be so to-morrow morning, Papa."

"I should hope not," he replied, for he was still hungry, and consequently cross. "If it is, I think I shall have to take my meals at the hotel."

Dora retired into the pantry, out of the reach of the children's eyes, and indulged herself in a soul-refreshing crying-spell. When it was over she felt quite light-hearted, and set about her day's work with a resolute spirit.

CHAPTER VI.

HONOR'S WAY.

Our young housekeeper had not proceeded far in her morning duties when Mrs. Grant came in to ask how matters were going. Dora's eyes would run over a little as she was describing the scenes in kitchen and dining-room, but she laughed at the same time in spite of herself at the funny side of the dismal failure.

"Horrid!" exclaimed sympathising Cousin Helen, with great emphasis. "What do such creatures dare to offer themselves as cooks for? Well, there isn't one chance in a hundred of your finding another before next week, so you must just make the best of it, and see to things being done, yourself."

"I was so afraid of offending her, and having her flounce out of the house," said Dora, "that I didn't offer to show her how to do anything. She always said she 'knew all about it,' to everything I mentioned, so I left it for her to do her own way."

"And now that you've found out what a very bad way her own is," answered Cousin Helen, "you needn't leave her to it any longer, but just take hold of things yourself and have them done properly. No fear of driving *her* away! She'll stick to you like a burr as long as there's anything left to break in the house."

This last remark was occasioned by the sound of crockery dashed together in a way that betokened no good to Mr. Greenwood's pocket.

"Crash, dash! There go at least two cracks and three nicks! Oh, don't I know the sound! You won't have a piece of china left by Christmas, at this rate. Let's go into the creature's den and see if our presence wont modify the action of her arms. What are you going to have for dinner?"

"Papa is to send home a piece of corned beef and some vegetables. And, oh! I wish you'd tell me how to do fried hominy, such as we had last Sunday. Papa liked it just as well as the mush, and all the rest of us thought it was so much nicer."

"Certainly I will. What's become of the soup-stock Sophy made the other day?"

"I never thought of it, and we ought to have had it yesterday! I'm afraid it's all spoiled by this time."

Thanks to Sophy's care in setting it in a cool place, the soup was still sweet; the meat from it neatly cut up and set into the ice-box, and the cake of grease from the top put in its proper place. Dora thought she would make a "Julienne" from it, as she had succeeded so well in that the week before, and Cousin Helen advised her to throw in all the left-over vegetables which were set away in the pantry—tomatoes, beans, and potatoes, in addition to those named in the recipe. "Make a real *potage* of it," said she, "thick and good. It isn't a company soup made that way, but the family will like it. Soup isn't exactly the thing you would choose to go with corned beef, unless you had it every day—but no matter. Nobody here will notice, and it will make another dish. But be sure you see to it yourself. Don't trust *any* thing to that spoiler of good things. There come the vegetables; let's go and see what they are. Cabbage and carrots — bah! However, there's a recipe called Ladies' Cabbage that's quite tolerable, and you wouldn't believe how good carrots were till you tried them done in mother's fashion. I'll write down the directions for you."

Corned Beef.

Put over the fire in cold water, and before the water

comes to a boil pour it off and substitute fresh boiling water. Allow about twenty minutes to a pound from the time the boiling water is poured on. Turn two or three times while boiling, and keep closely covered. When done, drain very dry and serve with drawn butter sauce.

Boiled Cabbage.

Pick off the outer leaves, cut into quarters, and examine well to see that there are no insects in it; plunge into boiling water and boil fifteen minutes; then throw away the water and fill up with more, also boiling, from the tea-kettle. Be sure to cook it thoroughly, or it will be uneatable. Time, from one to two hours. When perfectly tender, drain well, chop in convenient lengths, and stir in pepper and salt to taste, and a tablespoonful of butter.

For Ladies' Cabbage you should begin half an hour earlier, and allow it to cool after boiling; chop well, then add, besides the above seasoning, two beaten eggs and three tablespoonfuls of rich milk or cream; after which, stir all together and bake in a buttered pudding dish until brown. Serve very hot.

Carrots in Cups.

Wash and scrape well, and lay in cold water half an hour; then boil until tender in salted water. When soft, chop fine and mix with them a little cream or milk, with butter, pepper and salt to taste; then press into common kitchen cups, which must be first heated in the oven; turn out on a flat dish and serve.

Stewed carrots are similarly prepared, except that they need not be chopped, but merely cut small, after which a cup of drawn butter is poured over them, with pepper and salt, and the whole simmered well together.

Hominy for Frying.

Soak over night and put on to boil with more than twice as much water as hominy; salt the water and boil slowly for three hours, or until it is perfectly soft; then stir in a small lump of butter, and allow it to become cold. For frying it should be packed smooth in an oval dish, and cut in even slices. Fry in lard or drippings.

"What are drippings, Cousin Helen?" asked Dora at this stage of the writing.

"Dripping is the fat of meat extracted by the process of boiling or roasting. When first made it is apt to con-

tain some impurities which can be removed by what is called clarifying—that is, being heated in boiling water and thoroughly stirred until the sediment sinks to the bottom; the pure fat will then rise to the top and become a 'cake' when cool. Almost every kind of fat saved in this way can be used, except mutton. But you must have a dessert of some kind."

"Papa likes Indian meal puddings very well. And I wish I could make some cake. The children were complaining to-day that they had forgotten how cake looked since Annie went away. Oh, dear! how long it seems, and it isn't a week yet!"

"Never mind, shorter weeks are coming, and think how much you are learning all the time!"

"At other people's expense," suggested Dora.

"Not at all; don't you see how much worse off they would have been if they hadn't had you, but had been groaning under these changes with nobody to take hold?"

"That is true," answered Dora.

"As to cake, there's a very simple one in 'Common Sense' that we make great use of at home."

Sister Mag's Cake.

Two and a half cups powdered sugar; three-quarters

of a cup butter; one cup of milk, three of flour, four eggs, one lemon, juice and grated rind, one small teaspoonful soda. Bake in a square or oblong tin, and frost with whites of two eggs beaten stiff with powdered sugar.

"You can leave out the icing to-day," said Mrs. Grant, "and learn how to make it when you have more time."

Baked Indian Pudding.

Take one quart of milk, dip out a teacupful and scald the rest, stir five tablespoonfuls of sifted meal into the boiling milk, add an even teaspoonful of salt, a little grated nutmeg, a tablespoonful of ginger and two of sugar, half a cup of molasses, and lastly the cup of cold milk. Bake two hours. To be eaten with butter.

Dora quietly followed out her day's plan of operations, though not without much opposition from her handmaid, who made scornful remarks on what did not fall in with her own notions, and resented any attempt at direction on the part of the young house-keeper. However, the dinner was prepared without any serious mistakes, by dint of Dora's perseverance, though she was

constantly hampered by Honor's setting pots and kettles off the stove in her absence, remarking that they had "biled long enough."

She was not therefore, surprised on returning from the dining-room, where she had been setting the dinner-table, to notice that her pot of soup had disappeared. Upon investigation it was found in a corner, a mere mass of vegetables.

"What have you done with the soup, Honor?" she asked.

"Sure it's there in the kettle; them things is all biled to rags by this time."

"But the soup itself; the liquor?"

"Is it the wather they was biled in, ye mane? Och! it's meself as throwed it into the swill-pail. What would yez be wantin' the wather for?"

To say that Dora was struck dumb would be scarcely a figure of speech. But she was quick-witted, and after standing transfixed for a moment, she made a dive into the cellar and brought up the soup-meat which had been destined for hash. This she cut from the bones in moderate-sized pieces, and heated hastly in a saucepan with a little boiling water, butter, salt, and a teaspoonful

of Worcestershire sauce; when it was hot she turned it into the soup-kettle, which, fortunately, Honor's habits had not prompted her to drain, brought it to a boil, and served the whole in the form of a stew. This was the more seasonable, as the frequent removals of the corned beef during Dora's absences from the kitchen made it doubtful whether it was thoroughly done.

"This is a capital stew," said Mr. Greenwood, after tasting his own helping. "There seems to be one thing this woman knows how to make. You'd better get her to give you the receipt, Dora."

"Yes, sir," replied Dora, turning very red; but she kept her own counsel, for the time at least, and said nothing further. She and her cousin had a merry time over it in the evening, and Mrs. Grant laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks at the idea of Dora's blank looks when the truth dawned upon her.

"And then the sweeping, Cousin Helen! You never saw such a farce. I could actually see the tracks where the broom had gone, and the lines of dust between! And behind the sofas and under the beds and bureaux and in the corners of the stairs, such heaps! I didn't say anything about it, for she seems to be one of the people you can't teach."

"No, it's just as well to let it all go and keep on the look-out for some one else. What meat are you going to have for dinner to-morrow?"

"The corned beef, and it can just as well be hot, for half an hour's more boiling wouldn't hurt it."

"Leave it soaking in the water, then, if that hasn't been thrown away by your Hebe. It will make it all the more tender. Then put it on to-morrow in some fresh boiling water, about half an hour before dinner. What vegetables?"

"Beets and butter-beans."

"Do the beans just as you did the Limas. Plain, boiled potatoes are best with corned beef, because the drawn-butter sauce goes so nicely with them. Have you made any dessert?"

"Yes, I found a recipe in Amy's book that looked easy—Corn-starch Blanc-mange—and I made it, and it seems very good. Ought there to be any sauce with it?"

"Nothing but sweetened milk or cream, with a little nutmeg grated into it. And then if you want it very nice—for instance, if you should have company come in—any kind of preserve is good to eat with it. I suppose your mother made most of her preserves."

"All but pears and quinces, and Annie was to make them."

"Perhaps you'll get a cook that knows how; if not, you and I will do it up some Saturday. What do you have for tea on Sundays?"

"I believe generally bread and butter, and preserves and cake."

"You might vary it to-morrow by some nice buttered toast and a dish of baked apples. You know how to do the toast—cut the slices even, make it quickly and butter it on both sides as fast as it is toasted, then cover it until the whole is made. If the edges should happen to get a little scorched, you must scrape off the burnt part, but it is a great deal better not to let any burn. It is never quite as nice."

"How long ought the apples to bake?"

"That depends entirely on their quality, but as they are eaten cold you can do them at any time. Have them put into the oven when you sit down to breakfast; take out the cores and fill the holes with sugar if the apples are tart; if they are sweet just stick them into the oven in a pan and be sure they don't burn; don't pare them, of course. I don't suppose you know how to make fish-balls."

"Yes, I found out to-day. You soak the fish several hours in warm water, then wash off the salt and boil it three-quarters of an hour, changing the water once if you don't like them very salt. When it is cold you pick it up fine, and then take half and half mashed potatoes and codfish with a lump of butter and a little milk, and work them all through and through together. Then you make it into cakes and fry it."

"Precisely; and if you want it nicer, you can stir in a beaten egg with the rest; and *do* be careful to get out all the skin and bones and stuff that poor cooks are sure to leave in. The same with the corned beef that you made hash of for Monday. Don't leave in one particle of fat or gristle. You'll find all the directions in Amy's book."

"I suppose we may as well settle about Monday dinner."

"There will be enough corned beef left, probably, for you are not great meat-eaters; if you had had it for dinner to-day, I should advise you to get some chops or steak, for you don't want the same dish three days in succession, but twice won't do any harm; and if it should give out you can send for the other. As you will want

to know how to cook a cutlet yourself next time, here are the directions:"

Veal Cutlets.

Sprinkle them with pepper and salt, dip in beaten egg, then roll in cracker-crumbs and fry slowly in hot drippings or lard. When the meat is dished, leave the gravy in the frying-pan, and add a little boiling water and browned flour to it; boil up once and serve. Veal must always be very thoroughly cooked, this being much more important than with beef or mutton.

For some tastes, the juice of half a lemon, mixed with the gravy, is an improvement; and slices of lemon round the edge of the dish, as a garnish, are always in order. Another way, is to cut a lemon in two crosswise and have it passed round the table on a small plate or saucer, that each person may squeeze a little juice over the meat for himself.

"I'll tell you another breakfast-dish which you can have sometimes, for a variety."

Eggs a l' Italienne.

Boil the eggs fifteen minutes; while they are cooling,

stir butter and flour together in a stew-pan to a thick batter; thin this with boiling milk, and season with pepper and salt and chopped parsley; if not rich enough, add more butter; slice the eggs into the sauce and serve hot.

"Here is another delicious dish, for some day when you have plenty of time."

Corn Oysters.

Grate green corn, and to every pint add two well beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, and flour enough to make into flat cakes; season with pepper and salt, and brown on a griddle. They are more delicate with less flour, so that they form a batter and are dropped on the griddle from a spoon.

"You'll find it convenient on washing day to do whatever you can in the oven, especially with a creature like this one you have in the kitchen, who will probably have her boiler on all day long. Baked potatoes, baked tomatoes and cold slaw go well together. For dessert you ought to have something made on Saturday; but I suppose you didn't think of that."

"Yes, I did, though; Honor made two peach pies. They look dreadful, but they're pies."

"Provident little person! The family will have to accept them, good, bad or indifferent. By the way, I want to give you a few new breakfast recipes, now while I think of it, that I have only lately met with. They are simple enough for you to undertake by yourself, at any time."

Veal Hash.

Mix together one cup cold minced veal, half a cup seasoned gravy or soup-stock, a quarter of a cup cream, one small tablespoonful butter or dripping, one do. flour. Stir well while stewing; line the dish it is served in with sippets of toasted bread, and just before serving garnish with slices of lemon or pickle.

"I think veal always needs a little acid in some form," said Mrs. Grant, "either lemon or vinegar. If you have no cream you must be content with milk, adding a little more butter."

Chicken or Turkey Hash.

To one cupful minced meat add half a cup milk, two tablespoonfuls butter or dripping, one slice of onion minced fine, salt and pepper to taste, with a trifle of

powdered mace. Stir well while stewing and serve like veal hash, with a garnish of parsley.

Mutton Hash.

Take one cup minced mutton, free from fat; a slice of onion and a small half-cup pickle, both chopped fine; two tablespoons melted beef dripping, two cups bread crumbs; mix all together except the crumbs, put into a baking dish a layer of these half an inch thick and a layer of the mixture alternately, finishing with crumbs; pour over the whole two cups broth or gravy and bake ten minutes. Serve in the dish it was cooked in. If any is left, moisten it with beaten egg and a little dripping, add catsup, roll into croquettes and fry to a light brown.

Minced Codfish.

Take one cupful of cream or milk and heat it until boiling, with half a cup butter or drippings, a sprig of parsley and two slices of finely chopped onion. Stir into this one cup of minced codfish and half a cup of bread crumbs; add pepper to taste, and salt if the codfish has been freshened enough to need it. Boil until as thick as soft porridge, and serve very hot.

"Now that's enough for to-night," said Cousin Helen, "so go along to your lessons."

CHAPTER VII.

A LADY HELP.

"I HEARD you was lookin' for a young lady to do your kitchen work."

The speaker was a young girl of about eighteen, with long, dangling ear-rings, a very much flounced pink calico dress, and, in compliment to the weather, which had turned suddenly cool, a large blanket shawl. A very small bonnet was perched on the back of a large mass of false hair, the whole suggesting by its shape and the angle at which it was set, the smoke-pipe of a tug-steamer turned back to pass under one of the Chicago bridges; and this, with a pair of cotton gloves through the ends of which her fingers protruded, completed her costume, or at least, as much of it as could be seen, as the shoes were almost hidden by the skirt of a very long dress.

"Yes, we've been looking for a girl," answered Dora. "Did you want to get a place?"

"Well, I didn't know but I'd live out a spell," answered the "young lady." "I've been to hum all summer now, and I've got kind o' tired of it."

"Have you ever lived out?" inquired the housekeeper.

"Oh, yes, lots o' times. I most always live out some, every year. What wages do you give?"

Dora named the customary price, to which her visitor made no objection, but proceeded to question the candidate for her favor further on the domestic question.

"How many have you in family?"

"Six, at present," replied Dora, and then thinking that it would not be amiss if she took some share in the interrogation, she added, "What kind of work have you been used to?"

"Oh, all sorts; you don't keep no hired man, do ye?"

"No; can you make good bread?"

"I should hope so; if I couldn't I expect I shouldn't undertake to live out. Any of the children small?"

"The youngest is seven years old. Do you live near here?"

"Two miles and a half out in the country, on the Smith-town road. I always go home Saturday night and stay over Sunday. I s'pose you would'nt object to that?"

Dora thought she should object very much; but on a rapid review of the situation, thought it prudent not to contest the subject too far.

"It wouldn't be at all convenient," said she; "couldn't you make out with going on Sunday after you had got the dinner ready?"

"Couldn't, no how; our folks always comes in with the wagon Saturday afternoons, and I haint no way o' gettin' out Sundays."

"Then how do you get back here?"

"Oh, one o' the boys he jest hitches up, an' brings me Sunday evening afore bed-time, 'cause I like to get at my washin' good an' early."

This sounded promising, and as Dora thought that any change would be for the better, she made the agreement with the new maid, who, however, positively refused to come before the next Sunday evening, as she had some dresses she wanted to "fix up."

It would be tedious to go through the culinary miseries of the rest of that week, which were prodigious, in spite of Dora's most earnest efforts. We must content ourselves with copying a few of Aunt Jane's recipes, which she took down, some for present and some for future

nse, according to circumstances. First came various breakfast dishes.

Calf's Liver.

Slice the liver quite thin, wash it and let it soak in salt and water for half an hour; wash it again in fresh water and fry in lard until brown; season with pepper and a little more salt. This is the simplest form of cooking liver; a gravy may be made by taking out the slices and mixing with the fat they were fried in a little browned flour, boiling water and the juice of a lemon. It is also common to fry thin bits of salt pork and serve with the liver.

Liver Hash.

Wash and soak as above, then boil until tender; chop fine and heat in a sauce-pan with butter, browned flour, pepper and salt to taste. A teaspoonful of tomato catsup or Worcestershire sauce improves this dish.

Pork Steaks, or Tenderloins.

Take off the skin, trim neatly and broil over a clear fire; have ready on a hot platter a tablespoonful of butter rubbed with an even teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of

pepper, the same of powdered sage, and a teaspoonful of grated onion; press the steaks into this as you do beef steak; turn several times in the gravy, cover closely and set in the oven, or some warm place, for five minutes before serving. If your family do not like sage or onions, these flavorings may be omitted.

"Suppose you have company and don't know what they like, Aunt Jane?" said Dora when she had read thus far.

"Then the simplest form is always safest. Every body likes butter and pepper and salt, though as to seasoning you must remember that it may be easily added but never taken away; so be sure to remain on the safe side. A good rule is always to put in seasoning gradually; taste it after you have put in a part, and then some time after, when the taste is out of your mouth, add some more.

Pork Chops or Cutlets.

These may be dipped in beaten egg after the skin is removed, and then in bread crumbs seasoned with salt and pepper. Pork must be cooked very slowly and thoroughly, like veal; half an hour will not be too much over a moderate fire. If the fire is very hot set the pan

on top of the stove. Apple-sauce is the proper accompaniment of any form of fried or roast pork, and though not usually served at breakfast, is relished as a variety.

"How do you make apple sauce, Aunt Jane?"

"Pare and core the apples and cut them into small pieces, then stew slowly with the least possible quantity of water — just enough to keep them from burning. When they are nearly done, sweeten them with coffee-sugar, using rather less when they are to be eaten with meat than if they are for tea or lunch. Always take tart apples for sauce, and sweet apples, if you can get them, for baking. Never pare or core sweet baking-apples."

"Can't you tell me some more breakfast-dishes?"

"There are several nice recipes in Amy's book — for eggs, hashes and so on, also for various kinds of muffins and corn-bread; buckwheat-cakes and others that have to be sent in (hot and hot) you can't have until you get a cook who can produce things that are neither raw nor burnt. As we sometimes get fresh fish here you ought to know how to cook that for breakfast."

Broiled Fish.

The manner of cooking any small fresh fish is the same.

Clean thoroughly, wash and wipe, then split, rub in salt and pepper, and lay on a well-buttered gridiron, the inside down; when that is done, turn on the other side. Lay on a hot dish and spread a little butter carefully over the top.

Codfish and Potato Stew.

Prepare the fish as for fish-balls; add the same quantity of boiled potatoes, cut small as for frying, a lump of butter and a little milk; turn and toss constantly until it is near boiling; then add pepper and chopped parsley, and serve.

Codfish for Dinner.

Take one quart of picked-up codfish, soaked overnight, and one pint of bread-crumbs; place these in layers in a baking-dish, sprinkling each with pepper, and over the top layer, which must be of crumbs, spread a quarter of a pound of softened butter, and pour over the whole half a pint of rich milk, or, what is still better, of cream. Bake half an hour.

"Cold roast beef or mutton may always be warmed over," said Mrs. King, "if you choose to use it up in

that way, by cutting it into thin slices and heating it in a gravy formed of flour and butter rubbed together and stirred into boiling water, with salt and pepper. As seasoning, a teaspoonful of Chili or Worcestershire sauce, or a tablespoonful of tomato catsup, or the remains of a tumbler of currant jelly will always come in well. I can't give you the exact amount of each, for it is entirely a matter of judgment, and depends on the quantity of meat you have. You must do them as a celebrated painter told an inquiring novice he must mix his colors: "With brains, sir!"

"I think brains are useful in most things you try to do," observed Dora.

"Yes, they're not out of place anywhere, but for regular, unvarying success in cooking, they're indispensable. A cook may sometimes make good things without them, just by chance; but you can't depend on her. Do you ever use bacon as a breakfast-dish?"

"I don't remember; I think not."

"If it is well-cooked it is very nice; I prefer it to ham myself. Be sure when you buy it that it is sweet and not at all 'rusty;' you can tell that by the smell; take off the skin, cut it into very thin slices and broil on the

gridiron. Don't have it set on table until the family come down, for it must be hot. Maitre d' hotel potatoes are nice with it, and any dish of eggs. When your breakfast is not especially good, a plate of buttered toast or a dish of milk-toast helps it out. I must give you the recipe of a very favorite breakfast-dish at our house."

Stewed Kidneys.

Wash the kidneys thoroughly and cut them in even-sized mouthfuls; melt a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan, and cook them in it until nicely browned, adding pepper and salt to taste; when nearly done, add a dessert spoonful of flour, some kind of flavoring sauce, and a few spoonfuls of beef or mutton gravy if you have it, and the juice of half a lemon; if not, a little boiling water to make a gravy. This does not require more than fifteen minutes' cooking.

"What is the best flavoring sauce, Aunt Jane?"

"Worcestershire is as good as any, though some people prefer Harvey or Chili; tomato or mushroom catsup makes a pleasant addition to almost any kind of stew, and if you haven't any of these, a spoonful of the liquid from piccalilli or chow-chow will do very well. Chopped

parsley is another favorite in the way of flavoring; lemon-juice is another, and now and then you may use a little dust of red pepper. Some people make everything taste of onion, which is very nice for an occasional flavor; but if you get in the habit of depending on it, all your cookery will taste alike, and may be disagreeable to your guests, not to speak of its making yourselves unpleasant company to people who havn't been eating any thing oniony."

Bread Crumb Omelette.

Take one pint of bread crumbs, a handful of chopped parsley, a slice of onion minced fine, and a teaspoonful of dried sweet marjoram. Mix well together; beat up two eggs, adding to them a teaspoonful of milk, a piece of butter as large as an egg, with pepper and salt to taste, and stir in the other ingredients. Bake in a well-buttered shallow pan in a slow oven, till the omelet is of a light brown color, then turn it out on a dish and serve hot.

Potatoes a la Bourgeoise.

Mince one slice of onion very fine and fry it in a spoonful of butter, mixed with an equal quantity of lard

or drippings. Stir in slowly the same quantity of flour, and when mixed add as much gravy or water as will be required to moisten the potatoes. Let it come to a boil, then add salt and pepper to taste, some chopped parsley and a little lemon juice; stir in cold boiled potatoes cut into lumps, stew five minutes and serve hot.

Cold Fish Rechauffe.

Heat half a cup butter or dripping boiling hot, stir in two slices onion, minced fine, one tablespoonful flour and a sprig of chopped parsley; after this, one cup gravy or broth, one cup cold stewed tomatoes, or chopped fresh ones, and last of all, two cups of sliced fish; add pepper and salt to taste; stew five minutes and serve.

Sunday came at last, after Dora had begun to doubt whether there was such a day in the week.

She cut down the bill of fare to the lowest possible point,—omelette and potatoes warmed over for breakfast instead of the more elaborate fish-balls and fried mush; cold meat for dinner with roast potatoes and cold slaw; preserves and crackers with a cup of chocolate for dessert, and baked apples, sardines and bread and butter for tea. But the inevitable dish-washing *would* recur just so

often; another school-day was coming on apace, and she felt happier than she would have liked to own when a loud ring at the door announced the arrival of the expected "help."

"Here I be," said the young lady, who was accompanied, as Dora observed with secret satisfaction, by a large trunk; "I didn't know but you'd be gone to bed, but our folks had company to hum, and I couldn't get away no sooner, nohow. Got your clothes in to soak?"

For a moment Dora was slightly puzzled, but as the meaning dawned upon her, she confessed to having neglected this part of her duty. Then remembering that she did not even know how to address this new inmate of the family, she inquired her name.

"My name's Sareeny; what's yourn?"

"My name is Dora Greenwood," answered the young mistress, with all the dignity she could command. "If your brother will carry your trunk up-stairs, I'll show you your room."

"Dory—that's a real pretty name; I had a cousin by marriage once o' that name. I reckon my box is too heavy for one to heft; can't your pa help up with it?"

As Dora did not think her father had ever been called

upon to perform the office in question for one of his domestics, she hesitated to ask him, and saying that he was engaged just then, inquired if Serena and her brother could not get it up between them.

"Well, I think it had orter be a man's work," replied the new-comer; "I ain't used to liftin'. But mebby we can drag it up somehow."

And dragged up it was, much to the detriment of the stair-carpet and wall, which bore traces of its passage for the rest of the winter. This important matter being settled, Serena proceeded to "ketch up" the clothes from the various rooms, remarking freely meanwhile, on the arrangement of the house, the furniture, the various articles of clothing as they passed under review, and the habits of the family generally, as exhibited by what was visible on this tour of inspection.

"I never see folks wear sech clothes afore, and they're made so queer, too! Guess your ma was awful fussy, warn't she?"

Dora did not relish hearing her mother's name made thus free with, and parried the question as well as she could. When she came to the culinary department, Serena found still more to criticise.

"I never see sech a lot o' notions huddled together in one place! If they was mine, I'd pitch 'em all out o' doors mighty quick. They jest clutter up the kitchen for nothin'."

"Shall I show you about the things for breakfast?" inquired Dora, waiving the question of kitchen utensils.

"It don't make no difference to me; I suppose you'll git jest what you gin'rally do when you hain't no one here but yourselves. I ain't pertikler."

"But you must get breakfast yourself, Serena," said Dora, finally plucking up courage to make a stand. "There's no one else here to do it."

"Why, what's the matter with *you?*"

"Nothing is the matter with me, but when I am going to school I don't expect to do anything about the house on week days but dust the rooms and make my own bed. What time do you get through with your washing?"

"It's a bad day when I don't git it out afore noon," replied the young woman with a toss of her head. "An' I never see a place before where they expected a hired gal to cook washing-day."

"We expect it here and we can't get along without it," said Dora, making a bold venture, but prepared to give

way if she found the enemy standing firm to her colors. "You can finish your washing a little later if it is necessary."

To her great relief, this produced nothing but some inarticulate grumbling, and the point was apparently conceded.

Oh, the sweetness of the next morning's nap! To lie quietly in bed until half an hour before breakfast time, was bliss to poor tired Dora, who, however, took the precaution of going down a few minutes beforehand to see that nothing important had been neglected. She had set the table herself the night before as soon as she removed the tea-things, so she went straight to the kitchen to look into the state of things there. To her dismay she saw the front of the stove occupied by the boiler, and nothing at the back but the coffee-pot and a sauce-pan of milk.

"Why, Serena!" she exclaimed, "haven't you cooked the breakfast yet?"

"Massy, yes, mor'n an hour ago! I thought you wasn't never comin' down! I've had mine a' ready, for I couldn't wait. Jest you look in the oven."

In the oven it was — ham and eggs, fried potatoes

and a huge plate of griddle-cakes,—the latter an addition of Serena's own. If her intention had been to desiccate them all, she had succeeded admirably, but Dora was too thankful for small favors to hazard putting her out of humor by fault-finding.

"You'd better take the coffee up now," she said. "Papa will be down directly."

"Laws sakes! Any one'd think you hadn't never been in a kitchen afore in your life!" exclaimed Serena, with no very good grace, as she wiped her hands and arms furiously on the kitchen roller, and prepared to pour off the coffee into the silver coffee-pot Dora set before her. "Two coffee-pots for one breakfast! One 's good enough to suit *me!*"

"The coffee smells good enough to suit anybody," said Dora pleasantly. "How do you make it?"

"I make it accordin' to the people that's to drink it. You want a good big heapin' tablespoonful for every one and then you pour out as much bilin' water onto it as they'll want cups; then you set it to settle on the back of the stove where it won't bile, an' you won't need no egg. It settles jest as good without it if you don't stir it up none. And mind you don't never let it bile. That spiles it."

The coffee justified Serena's good opinion of it, and the rest of the breakfast, though nearly dried up, was eatable. The girl was in the main good-natured enough, though she hated to be directed, and had a slashing, hap-hazard style of doing everything that made it a little uncertain how her cookery was coming out; but the family had had so much worse luck in the past that they did not feel disposed to complain, and bore her occasional failures with great meekness. Now and then she would surprise them with a new dish which they found very good.

"What are those?" asked Dora one day, pointing to a pile of round, flat balls. "Some kind of croquettes?"

"Them's hasty pud'n, biled reel thick and then sot away till it's cold. You make it into them cakes, and dip every one into flour all over afore you fry it, 'cause they won't brown good if you leave the meal outside. Then you eat 'em with molasses."

"I'd like to know how you make hard ginger-bread, and those lovely rolls that we had for tea last night," said Dora, still pursuing her favorite theme.

"You jest take about three-fourths o' a cup of shortenin' an' mix it in with the same o' hot water an' a hull cup o' molasses an' another hull cup o' brown sugar, an' a

teaspoon o' salt an' a tablespoon o' ginger, an' a little bit o' alum the bigness of a hazel-nut, melted up in the hot water; then you take a half a tablespoon o' sody an' mix it in with a big cup o' flour; stir 'em all together 'cept the flour an' sody, an' mix in enough plain flour to make it kind o' half stiff, then you stir in the flour with sody in, quick 's ever you can, an' when it aint quite stiff enough to roll out you put it into square pans an' smooth it all over afore you bake it."

"That's for the ginger-bread; now how about the rolls?"

"Them's more trouble. You take a quart o' water an' the same o' milk, an' a big spoonful o' butter an' two o' white sugar, an' a half a tablespoon o' salt; then you mix a quarter of a cake o' compressed yeast into it, and in two hours it had orter be a reel light sponge. Then you put in more flour an' knead it down dry, an' set it to rise again for mebbe an hour, 'cordin' as it looks; then you roll it out an' cut it out with a tumbler an' bring the edges o' the cakes together in the middle an' put 'em in your pan an' set 'em to rise for another hour; an' if they haint light then they'd orter be."

"Thank you," said Dora; "I should like very much to try them some day when I have time."

CHAPTER VIII.

SHE MAKES PICKLES.

"It's quite time for you to be thinking about your pickles," said Mrs. King one day to Dora, when the housekeeping had got into good running-order again.

"There are ever so many jars left yet, Aunt Jane."

"Of course there are cucumbers and beans and all those, but you want to put up tomatoes. Let's have a look at the store-room closet."

A goodly row of jars presented itself, each one labelled with the date of making. There were gherkins, nasturtiums, beans and radishes, and spiced currants, besides mangoes and butternuts from the previous year. "See, Aunt Jane," said Dora, pointing to the latter, "we shan't need any more of these. There are enough for a whole year."

"If you were going to use them up this winter you would need to put up some more, unless you wanted your mother to go without them next year, for they are not fit

to be eaten for several months after they are made, and are better to stand a year. But you need not begin upon them at all; there are plenty without."

"Won't you give me all the recipes, Aunt Jane? I want to have my book complete, and Mamma never uses any; she carries every thing in her head. And do tell me what 'gherkins' are. I never saw any that I know of."

"You have seen them oftener than any thing else, as they are the common cucumber, but the name is generally applied only to the little ones, about the size of your finger. As those are the most important we will begin with them. People who have gardens gather them all through the summer as fast as they grow to the proper size; then they are packed in salt, a layer of cucumbers with salt to cover them completely, then another of cucumbers, and so on, always leaving a covering of salt on the top. When you buy your fruit, take as many as you will need and pack them down in salt all at once in stone jars. Then they make their own brine, and you get the full flavor of the cucumber instead of having it weakened with water. Leave them in this for several days, then take them out as dry as you can and cover with

boiling water; mind that — it must be boiling. Cover them and let them stand for twelve hours; then pour over the spiced vinegar. Here is the receipt for that."

Cucumber Pickles.

One gallon best cider vinegar; one cup sugar, three dozen black-pepper grains, three dozen cloves, one and a half dozen allspice grains, one dozen blades mace, the dried peel of three oranges, and one ounce of white ginger, cut small. Tie the spices in a thin muslin bag and boil all together for five minutes, then pour over the pickles, bag and all. Of course the vinegar must completely cover the pickles. If tightly covered and kept in a cool dry place, this will be ready for use in two months.

"Many housekeepers pour off the vinegar at the end of two days," said Mrs. King, "scald it and pour it on again, and some repeat this process two or three times; but I have never found it necessary."

"I think Mamma puts grape-vine leaves into her pickles," said Dora.

"That is to make them green; I prefer them the natural color, but I can tell you how to do it if you want to know."

To Green Pickles.

When sufficiently soaked in the brine, lay the cucumber in a kettle lined with vine-leaves, scatter powdered alum over each layer, allowing a little less than one ounce to each gallon of vinegar, cover thickly with leaves and fill the kettle with cold water. Let them simmer in this for several hours, never allowing them to boil; when they are green enough to suit you, take them out and throw them into cold water for half an hour; then drain them well and pour on the boiling vinegar.

"Tender string-beans and radish-pods just before they change color may be done in the same pickle; nasturtiums require a simpler one. All you need do to them is to drop them into good vinegar as fast as they are picked."

"What are they for, Aunt Jane?"

"To season drawn-butter sauce for mutton, instead of capers. They are almost as good, and very much cheaper. Here is another favorite."

Red Cabbage.

Take off the outside leaves, quarter the cabbage, take out the stalk and then slice as fine as for coldslaw. Lay in a wooden bowl, sprinkle thickly with salt, cover closely

and set in the cellar over night. The next day, drain, wipe very dry and set in the sun for two hours; then pack in a stone jar and pour on boiling spiced vinegar with the same proportions as for cucumbers, substituting for the orange-peel a teaspoonful of celery-seed to each quart of vinegar.

Pickled Butternuts or Walnuts.

Gather them when soft enough to be pierced by a pin, and lay in strong brine for five days, changing this twice in the mean time. Drain, and wipe with a coarse towel; pierce each one with a fine knitting-needle and lay in water for six hours, then pack in small jars and pour over them the same pickle as for cucumbers, boiling hot. Tie up tight and set away.

"Remember that, with all your pickles," said Mrs. King. "They must invariably be tightly covered. For a stone jar a wooden cover is best, made to fit in closely, and projecting above the top enough to be easily lifted. The coolest place you have that is not freezing is the best to keep them in."

Pickled Cauliflower.

Cut in small clusters, wash carefully and sprinkle with

salt. After twelve hours shake off the salt and pour on boiling vinegar seasoned with whole peppers.

Chow-Chow.

One peck green tomatoes, half a peck green peppers, a quarter of a peck onions, one large cabbage, one cauliflower. Chop all finely together and pack in layers with salt between, using at least three quarters of a pint to the above mixture. Let it stand over night, squeeze it out of the brine, then add a quarter of a pound white mustard seed and the same quantity of ground mustard; pack it down in the jar and pour over it boiling vinegar to cover it entirely.

"Be very sure that you get the best ground mustard. Some of it is shockingly adulterated, and would give a disagreeable taste to the whole mixture. It is always well to try it on the table before using it; if it doesn't taste good there, it won't in the pickles. Unless you are very fond of chow-chow at your house, half that recipe will be plenty."

Ripe Tomato Pickle.

Take what are called "beefsteak tomatoes," not quite

ripe; cut them in two and lay on a dish cut side up, then sprinkle with salt. Let them stand twenty-four hours, drain well, then lay in vinegar and water or weak vinegar twenty-four hours more; drain again and slice among them four large onions to a peck of tomatoes, adding one dozen cloves, the same of black peppers and two whole red peppers to this quantity. Turn a plate over them in the jar to keep them down, and cover with cold vinegar. This will not last long, but is excellent while it lasts.

Spanish Pickle.

Slice two pounds green tomatoes, sprinkle with salt and let them remain over night. Squeeze out the water and add one quart white onions, sliced, one pint chopped green peppers, half a pound white mustard-seed, the same of black and a quart of grated horseradish. Mix all together and cover with cold cider vinegar.

"Vinegar is another thing that you have to be very particular about. If you get a poor kind your pickles will only be ruined. You will have to depend on the best grocers or people of known reputation, because you would not be able to distinguish the acids they put with it from the real article."

Tomato Catsup.

Four quarts peeled tomatoes, four tablespoonfuls salt, four do. ground black pepper, two do. ground allspice, eight red-peppers, eight tablespoonfuls mustard-seed; the whole to be bruised fine, simmer slowly in one pint of vinegar three hours; then strain and boil down to two quarts.

Tomato Soy.

Two gallons green tomatoes, sliced without peeling; twelve good-sized onions, sliced; two quarts vinegar, one of sugar, half a pint salt, two tablespoonfuls ground mustard, two of ground pepper, one of allspice, and one of cloves; mix all together and stew until tender, stirring often to prevent its burning. Put up in small glass jars. This is excellent with almost every kind of meat and fish.

Chili Sauce.

Ten pounds ripe tomatoes, peeled and sliced, two pounds onions chopped fine, seven ounces green peppers with the seeds taken out, also chopped, one and a half pints vinegar, a quarter of a pound salt; boil all together several hours until you think it is thick enough. There ought to be about four quarts. Excellent for seasoning gravies,

meat-pies, ragouts, hashes, soups, etc. Keep in glass jars.

Spiced Currant.

Five pounds ripe currants, three do. sugar, one pint vinegar, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and pepper, half a tablespoonful salt; boil all together slowly for three hours. Delicious to eat with roast meats.

Pickled Peaches, Pears and Plums.

To six pounds of the fruit add three of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one tablespoonful each of allspice, mace and cinnamon, and one teaspoonful cloves.

Add the sugar and spice to the vinegar; heat it and skim the surface. Put in the fruit without peeling, and boil slowly until tender enough to prick with a straw. Take out the fruit with a skimmer and spread upon dishes to cool. Boil the syrup thick, pack the fruit in glass jars and pour the syrup over it, boiling hot. Set away, and after a few days heat the vinegar again and pour it over the pickles.

Pickled Cherries.

The same as in the above recipe, except that the fruit

is not boiled; merely pour over the vinegar, etc., after it has been scalded, skimmed, strained and allowed to become perfectly cold. Leave the stems on the cherries.

Picklette.

Take four large, crisp cabbages and one quart onions, both chopped fine; two quarts vinegar, two pounds brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls each of ground mustard, black pepper, ground cinnamon, turmeric and celery-seed; one tablespoonful each of allspice, mace and pulverized alum; pack the cabbage and onions in alternate layers with a little salt between them and let them stand over night, then scald the other ingredients together and pour over them. Do this three mornings in succession, and on the fourth heat all together and boil five minutes. When cold, pack in small jars. It is fit for use as soon as cold, but keeps well if tightly corked.

"Now there are enough pickle receipts to furnish a hotel," said Mrs. King. "I havn't given you any for mangoes, because they are so exceedingly troublesome that I don't like to have you waste your time on them. When you're a young lady out of school, then, if you have nothing better to do, we'll try some of those elaborate things."

"I like to know how to make the best kind of everything," answered Dora, "but this will be plenty for now. What is 'strong brine,' Aunt Jane?"

"Water saturated with salt. You know water will melt a certain quantity of salt without showing it; if you put in more than this, so that the grains of salt are visible, there is just so much more than enough to saturate it. You use much less than this for cooking meats and vegetables; it is only when things are to be kept long that the water needs to be so very salt. There is one more thing that I don't think I have told you about; you must never put away any thing acid in tin, especially if the tinned surface has begun to wear off at all; your pickles will turn to poison."

"Why so, Aunt Jane?"

"Because acids have the property of combining readily with the oxide or rust formed by the union of a metal with the oxygen in air or water, and producing a new substance, usually poisonous. The reason why a tin pan becomes dangerous in proportion as it has been much used, is that it is not pure tin, which does not rust easily, but iron coated over; and iron is one of those subject to this kind of change."

CHAPTER IX.

SWEETS.

"As THERE seems to be a temporary lull," said Mrs. King to Dora one evening, "and as we can't tell how soon the storm may break out again, we might as well begin on the preserves. Have you ever made any?"

"Not alone," said Dora, "but I have helped mamma."

"Then you know what a simple thing it is. The great difficulty lies in knowing just how long to boil the fruit. If you take it out too soon the preserves will not keep; if you leave it in too long they will boil to rags. That is something only to be learned by studying the book of Experience. Then judgment is required to know in what stage to take the fruit, which mustn't be too ripe, and how long to boil the syrup before putting it in; but it won't take you long to learn."

"Shan't we can part of them, Aunt Jane?"

"Yes, the canned ones are excellent for common family

use, if you do them carefully; but I cling to the old-fashioned idea that one should always have some real preserves in the house for company and grand occasions. What kind of preserving-kettle have you?"

"Porcelain ones, two or three sizes."

"Those are very nice so long as you don't burn them. I use bell-metal, which lasts longer, but requires constant care in washing and scouring to make it safe. When I was young, nobody thought of keeping house without a brass-kettle; and oh, the scouring with hot vinegar, and the everlasting caution! So long as a lady does everything herself and is willing to take the necessary care, it is all very well; but there isn't one cook in five hundred I would trust with one without looking after."

"Why do they need so much care, Aunt Jane?"

"Because, as soon as the brass surface is exposed to the air and begins to cool, verdigris, which is a deadly poison, forms on it. The only way to remove this is to scald the kettle thoroughly with hot acid, which combines readily with the verdigris and they can then be cleaned off together. If you want all the recipes for preserves you may take my book and copy them out, and where there's anything yon don't understand, I'll explain."

Preserved Strawberries.

Pick over the strawberries, but do not wash them; allow a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit and set them, all together, over a slow fire. The berries will afford juice enough without adding water. Do not cook too many at once or they will be mashed and unsightly. Stir carefully with a wooden spoon, and when you wish to remove the scum, set your kettle on the back of the stove where it will cease boiling, otherwise you will waste the syrup. After the sugar is perfectly dissolved you may boil moderately hard for twenty-five minutes, then take out the fruit with a skimmer and put it into jars; after which boil the syrup five minutes longer, pour it over and seal up while hot.

"How can I tell how many jars I shall need, Aunt Jane?"

"Only by trying. You can fill each jar about three-quarters full of fruit; then if you haven't enough syrup to finish with, take the last jar-full and distribute it among the rest, putting whatever is left over into a cup or tumbler. The jars must be full when you cover them; as they cool the contents shrink a little, which leaves a

vacuum that helps to keep the preserves from spoiling."

"How must they be covered?"

"That's a business by itself. The easiest way is to use Mason's self-sealing jars with covers, which screw on and save you all further trouble; the next is to get glass jars with round corks that fit tightly into the mouths. There is a preparation of sealing wax sold at the drug-stores, which you melt over a hot fire and cover the corks with this so as exclude the air completely; this is a more troublesome way, but less expensive. Remember always that if the air gets into your preserves they are ruined, unless you can use them up within a day or two."

"You don't have to take so much care with currant-jelly, do you, Aunt Jane?"

"Oh no; any kind of jelly or marmalade, not having syrup, which is the part that ferments, is in little danger provided you keep it in a cool place. You must cut pieces of white tissue paper just to fit the top of the jelly, and lay them on double, after dipping them in white of egg or brandy; then paste smooth brown paper over the top of the tumbler or bowl, letting it come about half an inch over the edge. Of course you don't do this until the jelly is perfectly firm."

Preserved Cherries.

Stone the cherries, preserving all the juice; weigh the fruit, allowing pound for pound of sugar; put the fruit and sugar in layers into the kettle and pour over the juice, rinsing the dish that held it with very little water, which you add; boil the whole gently until the syrup begins to thicken; then pour all together into the jars and seal at once.

"How I do hate stoning cherries!" exclaimed Dora. "It's so tiresome, and it stains your fingers so!"

"I have a 'stoner' which saves at least three-fourths of the labor. Of course it will stain the fingers; you can't help that. But a little lemon-juice or diluted oxalic acid will take off most of it, and you must let the rest wear off."

Raspberry or Blackberry Jam.

Take equal quantities of currants, carefully stripped from the stalks, and of raspberries; add pound for pound of sugar and boil all together very slowly until the sugar is dissolved, and then briskly for half an hour longer. I think the currants a very great addition. If you use raspberries alone, three-quarters of a pound of sugar to

one of fruit is sufficient, and the same proportion will do for blackberries or black-cap raspberries.

Gooseberry Jam.

Weigh the berries and stew over a slow fire for an hour; their own juice will supply the liquid; then add pound for pound of sugar and stew another hour. If you wish preserves and not jam, do not boil them the second hour, but seal up as soon as the sugar is perfectly dissolved.

"In preparing the gooseberries," said Mrs. King, "you should have a pair of scissors to cut off the flower-tops with. As they require a long time to cook, you can have something else on the stove at the same time—strawberries, perhaps. It is better economy of time and trouble to have several kettles of preserves on at once, none of them more than half full. I generally have about four, and stirring and skimming one after the other, keeps me busy all the time. But of all things in the world, don't let them burn. That is the most cruel waste of time, money and trouble that I know of."

Grape Jam.

Separate the skin from the pulp, keeping both; put the

pulps in the preserving-kettle with a teacup of water; when thoroughly heated, run them through a colander to separate the seeds, then put the skins with them, and weigh; to each pound of fruit add three-quarters of a pound sugar, and water just enough to keep from burning; then cook slowly three-quarters of an hour.

Preserved Pineapple.

Pare the fruit and take out the eyes; if you wish an elegant preserve, cut into slices, not too thin, and take out the center of each with a corer; weigh pound for pound of sugar and put into the kettle together with a teacupful of water for each pound of fruit, heat to a boil, then take out the fruit with a skimmer and spread on dishes in the sun. Boil and skim the syrup half an hour, then put back the fruit and boil fifteen minutes; then cover as usual.

For a family preserve, cut the fruit into dice and boil the whole together half an hour; if the syrup does not look thick enough, boil a few minutes longer.

Pineapple marmalade is made of the fruit grated and boiled in its own juice with pound for pound of sugar; cook slowly and stir often. This is extremely rich and luscious.

Preserved Plums.

Prick the plums with a large needle to keep them from bursting; place in layers in the kettle, with pound for pound of sugar, and let the whole come slowly to a boil; then take out the fruit with a skimmer, drain well, and spread on dishes in the sun. Boil the syrup slowly half an hour, skimming frequently, then put in the plums and boil ten minutes. Spread out on dishes as before; when cold put them into the jars, pour the boiling syrup over them and seal quickly.

Preserved Peaches.

Pare the peaches and cut them in two; take half the stones, crack them carefully and blanch the kernels; put over the fire as many pounds of sugar as you have peaches, with half a teacup of water for each pound; boil and skim this for fifteen minutes, then put in the peaches and boil until they look transparent; then take them out with a skimmer and lay on dishes; put in the kernels and boil the syrup fifteen minutes longer. When the fruit is cold, lay it carefully in the cans with a spoon, and pour the boiling syrup over it. Seal immediately.

"Suppose the peaches shouldn't be cold by the time the syrup is done?" said Dora.

"Then you must keep the syrup hot on the back of the stove, but don't allow it to boil any longer."

Preserved Pears.

Pare and leave on the stem, but do not cut the fruit in two; then proceed as with peaches. As pears are somewhat insipid, you may flavor them with lemon or ginger. If with lemon, allow one large lemon to every two pounds of fruit; squeeze the juice into the syrup and boil the peel (first removing all the seeds) in clear water until it is soft; then cut it in thin strips, leaving out the thick white, and boil it with the fruit. If you use ginger, allow half an ounce of race ginger to a pound of fruit; tie it in a muslin bag and boil it first with the syrup and afterward with the fruit. Remove it when the preserve is sealed up.

Peach Marmalade.

Pare the peaches, take out the stones, and weigh; allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Put the peaches, without water, over a very slow fire to draw out the juice, stirring frequently. When this is done you may boil quickly for three-quarters of an hour, stirring to a jam; then add the sugar and the

water in which one-half the kernels have been boiled and steeped; continue to skim as long as any scum rises; when the jam is thick and smooth, which will be probably in fifteen minutes from the time the sugar is put in, turn it into crockery jars or bowls, and when cold cover like jelly. A ripe pineapple cut up very fine, or grated, and boiled with the peaches, improves the flavor for some tastes.

"In all receipts for preserves where time is given," said Mrs. King, "you must use your own judgment somewhat. Sometimes you will see so plainly that a thing is done that you need not leave it on the full time stated; sometimes you may be equally certain that it has not boiled long enough and will not keep. Brains and experience, again!"

Preserved Citron.

Pare off the green skin and scrape the inside well; then cut the melon into sections, and these again into strips about half an inch wide and two inches long; the length is of little consequence, provided they are thin. Boil these in clear water until soft, have ready a syrup made with pound for pound of sugar and a cupful of

water to each pound, and boil the citron in it until transparent, with the juice of a lemon and half an ounce of race ginger for each pound of fruit. Tie the ginger in a lace or coarse muslin bag, and take it out before bottling the preserve.

"That is a great favorite at our house," said Mrs. King, "and very inexpensive. As cutting the melon is rather hard work, you might better let the cook do it for you; a strong woman will do it in a few minutes."

Preserved Crab-Apples.

Leave on the stems and prick with a coarse needle without paring. Make a syrup as for citron and boil the fruit in it until tender; then take it out with a skimmer and spread it out to cool while you boil down the syrup, as for peaches.

Orange Marmalade.

Take one dozen Seville oranges, one dozen common oranges and one dozen lemons, and boil them all together for five hours; then scoop out the insides, removing the seeds, cut the peel into thin slices and add to every pound of pulp and peel weighed together one pint of water and two pounds sugar. Boil twenty minutes.

Preserved Quinces.

Wipe thoroughly with a crash towel, and cut out the flower; cut them in two and take out any imperfect or worm-eaten parts, then boil very gently in clear water enough to cover them, until you can pierce them easily, but not till they begin to break; they must be firm to look handsome. Save the water they were boiled in and add to it the skins and cores, removed after boiling, being careful to let no wormy parts remain; set this aside for another use. Quarter the fruit. Make a syrup as for peaches, and finish in the same way.

Quince Marmalade.

This can be made of the smaller and poorer quinces. Boil them soft like the others, then pare and core and cut up into dice. Boil all the parings and cores in the water you have saved, stirring frequently, until the whole has boiled to rags, then strain through a hair sieve or a piece of coarse book-muslin. Weigh the quinces and take twice their weight of tough, sweet apples pared, cored and chopped fine; allow half the weight of quinces and apples together in sugar; that is, for one pound of quinces and two of apples you will need one and a half

pounds of sugar. Put the sugar with the water the parings were boiled in over the fire and add the quinces; after these have boiled a quarter of an hour stir in the apples and boil all together until it is quite thick; then put it up like jelly.

Brandied Peaches or Pears.

Pound for pound of fruit and sugar; make a syrup of half a gill of water to each pound of sugar; when it comes to a boil, skim, then boil the fruit in it for five minutes, take out the fruit and boil the syrup hard fifteen minutes longer; add one gill of the best white brandy for each pound of fruit, take the syrup immediately off the fire, pour it into the bottles over the fruit, and seal.

Brandied Cherries.

Leave on the stems; make a syrup as for brandy peaches, and after it boils let it cool partially; then pour it over the cherries, and let them lie in it an hour, off the fire; then put all together over the fire and heat slowly to a boil, after which boil five minutes; take out the fruit with a skimmer, and proceed as with peaches, except that the cherries do not need quite so much brandy—a pint to every five pounds is sufficient.

Preserved Tomatoes, ripe.

Take small, firm, round tomatoes, the yellow are the best; peel them and let them lie between layers of sugar, pound for pound, over night, then drain off the syrup and bring it to a boil, skimming well. Put in the tomatoes and boil gently twenty minutes; take them out with a skimmer, spread them on dishes, boil down the syrup and just before pouring it over the fruit add the juice of one small lemon to every two pounds of fruit. If the lemons are large, use in proportion.

"Of course you know how to peel tomatoes neatly," said Mrs. King. "Lay them in boiling water until the skin comes off easily, but not a moment longer or the surface will become *mushy*."

Green Tomato Preserves.

Pierce the fruit, which must be very small, with a fine knitting-needle, but do not peel. Allow seven pounds of sugar to eight of tomatoes, and boil all together till the fruit is clear; add the juice of four lemons, and finish like ripe tomato preserves.

"I should think the sugar would burn without any water," said Dora.

"You mustn't let it burn. Put it over such a slow heat that the juice will be gradually drawn from the tomatoes while they are getting hot. You might put in half a cupful of water to start with, but if there is much the syrup will be thin and poor."

"What are compotes?" asked Dora, looking over her aunt's receipt book.

"Fruit stewed for immediate use, not intended for keeping. They are not much used now, as it is so customary to *can* fruit, and so do the whole thing beforehand; but they are very nice. If you get a basket of poor, hard peaches, they are much better stewed for tea with a little sugar and water than eaten raw; if your blackberries or raspberries have been picked too long and are not quite fresh, put them over the fire with a very little sugar, and you will have a delicious, wholesome dish for tea; a compote of apples is a grade above apple-sauce, and makes a handsome dish when you want to spare your preserves. Pare, quarter, core and weigh the apples; make a syrup with a quarter of a pound of sugar and a cup of water to each pound of apples, and after it has boiled up stew the apples in it until they are done, adding the juice of a lemon for every pound of fruit,

and the rind cut into thin strips, which should be boiled with the apples. If you want them to look firm and handsome take them out with a skimmer and cool them in the dish they are going to table in, while you boil down the syrup a little."

What are 'candied fruits,' Aunty?"

I will give you the receipt for them; you will not want many, but they make a beautiful addition to the dessert for a 'company dinner.' They are served after the ice cream and just before the coffee.

Candied Fruits.

Make a rich syrup with a pound of sugar to a gill of hot water, have it in a broad, shallow preserving-kettle, as only one layer of fruit should be done at a time; pare and halve your peaches, pears and plums, and stone the cherries, which should be large and sweet; drop them into the syrup and cook slowly until clear; drain them in a skimmer, lay on plates and dry in a heater. In twenty-four hours they ought to be ready to pack away in jars.

"What is a heater?"

"A tin arrangement to fasten on to the back of the

stove and keep things hot without cooking them. I should not know how to get along without one."

"Can you candy different kinds of fruit together?"

"Oh, dear, no! You must do each kind separately in its own syrup. The syrup will be nearly used up when they are done, and what is left is excellent for pudding-sauces. But when you put them on table they should be all together prettily arranged in a small glass dish. Each person is expected to take only a taste of each, and it is taken with the fingers, like candy."

"I don't think I know how much a gill is," said Dora.

"It is a quarter of a pint, or about half a common tumblerful. You can measure half a gill by taking four table-spoonfuls. Now we come to the jellies."

Currant Jelly.

Select currants not very ripe, mash them to a jam and then squeeze through a coarse factory cloth. Allow a pound and a quarter of white sugar to each full pint of juice; heat the juice over the fire and the sugar in shallow pans in the oven; when both are very hot, put them together and boil five minutes; set off the fire for a few minutes, then skim and pour into glasses. Set these in a

sunny window for three or four days, cover and keep in a cool place.

"I think I have heard mamma say that she used 'pound for pint' of sugar in her jelly," said Dora.

"Most people use only that quantity, but I find this recipe so absolutely certain to make firm, clear jelly that I always use it. If the currants are the least over-ripe you will find a difficulty in making the jelly 'set' well. You might try yours with two ounces over the pound, which I dare say would do equally well."

"Have you recipes for other jellies, Aunt Jane? I don't see any."

"The same will do for all, except that for other fruits pound for pint is enough. Wherever the fruit is juicy you add no water. The juice can be extracted from peaches by cutting them into a small stone jar which you set in a pot of boiling water and stir occasionally until the peaches will mash readily, then strain out the juice. Do the same with quinces, except that you may add a cup of water to every five pounds of quince. Parings and seeds should be left in, the whole being cut up together. Grapes make a delicious jelly, the juice being drawn out

by heat in the same manner. When you are making much jelly it is worth while to take first only what juice will drain through the cloth without squeezing, measure the sugar for it and make it up by itself, leaving what has to be squeezed out for plain family use. It all tastes good, but the clearer it is, the more elegant."

Apple Jelly.

Wash and quarter sour apples; put them in a porcelain kettle and cover with cold water; let them boil untouched until they break, then put them away in an earthen bowl or jar for three days; then drain them without pressing, add pound for pint of sugar, and boil three-quarters of an hour.

"To fill your jelly-glasses," said Mrs. King, "you should always pour from a large pitcher, not try to ladle out the scalding liquor direct from the pot. And the glasses themselves should be heated by being dipped in hot water for a moment, and then wiped rapidly. I ought to tell you that there is another way of making all these jellies; you boil the juice twenty minutes without the sugar, making this in the meantime so hot that you can't bear your hand in it; then pour the two together and put up immediately without further boiling."

"Did you ever hear of sweet potato preserves, Aunt Jane?"

"Why, no! Can there be such a thing?"

"Yes; we had some at Mrs. Owen's once when I was there at tea with mamma. They were so rich and luscious we could only eat a very little. I think she said she made a syrup just as she did for peaches, parboiled the potatoes and cut them in round slices, and then boiled them in the syrup until they looked clear."

"I think I must try that some day," said Mrs. King, "if only for the curiosity of it. Now, I believe that is all you need to know about jellies, so we will go on to the canned fruits."

Canned Peaches.

Take large, white, freestone peaches, pare, stone and drop into cold water. When all are done, drain and measure the fruit and pack in a perserving kettle with a heaping tablespoonful of sugar to each quart of fruit, scattering it between the layers. Fill your kettle and heat slowly to a boil; boil three minutes, can, and seal instantly. Before putting the fruit into the kettle pour in a cupful of water to prevent burning.

Canned Pears.

For fine pears, prepare a syrup with a quarter of a pound of sugar and a pint of water to each pound of fruit. While this is slowly heating peel the pears, dropping each into cold water as it is done. When the syrup boils hard, drop in the pears carefully and boil slowly until they look clear and can be pierced easily with a fork. Have the cans ready and hot, pack in the pears, fill with boiling syrup and seal.

Common pears must be boiled in water until tender, then thrown into the hot syrup and boiled ten minutes before being canned. They are, however, scarcely worth the trouble of putting up.

Canned Berries.

Heat slowly, without water, in a large kettle. When they begin to boil, add sugar in the proportion of a large tablespoonful to each quart. Before doing this, if there is much juice in the kettle dip it out and save it for pudding-sauce. Leave the berries almost dry before putting in the sugar. Boil fifteen minutes and can.

"The one great thing in canning," said Mrs. King, "is to seal up instantly. Fill the jars until they fairly

run over with the boiling fruit, have the covers close at hand, and clap them on. Screw as tightly as you can, and as the can cools, screw it down again. Always have the can hot before putting in the fruit. Both preserves and canned fruit should be kept in a cool, dry, dark place. While we are on the subject of canning, I may as well tell you how to do tomatoes, for you'll want an unlimited quantity of them."

Canned Tomatoes.

Pour on boiling water so that you can take off the skins; drain off in a colander whatever juice will come without hard pressing, put them in a kettle and heat slowly to a boil. Boil ten minutes, dip out the surplus liquid; then can, following the directions for preserves. This is much cheaper than buying the canned tomatoes, and if you follow the directions faithfully, it cannot fail.

CHAPTER X.

THANKSGIVING.

"As sure as I'm alive," exclaimed Dora, one morning in November, "next week's Thanksgiving!"

Although the expression was not strictly grammatical, the fact could not be denied. The Fall had glided away so quickly, it scarcely seemed possible that the venerable festival should be close at hand without her having once thought of it.

"I wish we could have you all here to dinner, Aunt Jane," continued the enthusiastic housekeeper, "and let *me* get up the dinner. What fun it would be!"

"My dear child," answered Mrs. King, laughing, "you don't know what you're undertaking. A company-dinner for ten people! Why, it would turn your hair gray! You'd much better all come in and dine with us, as I was going to ask you to, at any rate."

But Dora's zeal was not to be quenched so easily, and she ran home to ask her father's consent. Mr. Greenwood

had grown by this time rather proud of his daughter's efficiency, and was not indisposed to let her show what she could do, so the invitation was promptly given, though it was accepted rather under protest.

"Now, Aunt Jane," said Dora when she was seated, paper in hand, ready to write down the bill of fare, "don't you put us off with anything but the very best, just because you're going to be the company! Papa won't like it if you do. I want you to tell me a regular Thanksgiving dinner, just such a one as you would have if we were going to your house."

Mrs. King promised to "play fair," and Dora made out the list. Oyster soup, roast turkey, boiled ham, potato snow, tomatoes, baked sweet potatoes, succotash, cranberry sauce, wine jelly and whip cream, as many kinds of pie as she liked to make, nuts and raisins, oranges and apples, and finally a cup of coffee.

"Be sure to have every article you will need ready on the sideboard beforehand," said Mrs. King. "If you trust to getting things from the pantry or the kitchen when they are needed, there will be a little *scurrying* in trying to get them on quickly. All your dessert can be set out with the plates, saucers, knives and forks, and

spoons. You will need an additional table to put the finger-glasses on, they take up so much room. Lay a fruit-napkin on each dessert-plate and set the finger-bowl on it; then the waiter takes one in each hand and places them on the table, with a knife, fork and spoon to each person. I'll let our Maggie come and help Serena with the waiting, for only an experienced person could serve so many people well, and I dont think Serena has had much practice in that line."

"She hates to wait on table," said Dora. "It is always easier for one of us to get what is wanted than to try to get her in from the kitchen; and as for staying in the room, you might as well have a streak of lightning."

"We can easily manage that. Now as to the table. You might better clean all the silver well the day before, and have it off your mind. There must be a large spoon at each place for the soup, besides those provided for the vegetable dishes. If you havn't enough I'll lend you some; but for oyster soup dessert spoons do very well, so I think you have all you will need. Of course the turkey will be before your father; can you carve a ham neatly?"

"Pretty well; I've done it, often."

"Then the ham can be at your end. If the carving-knives need sharpening, have it done beforehand; there's nothing more discouraging than a dull knife, and few things (in a small way) are more trying than the squeak of a knife across a sharpener, or the grating of two edges together. Now I think we might begin on our recipes. But first, do you know how to make pie-crust?"

"Oh, yes; I took the directions from Amy's book, and Cousin Helen showed me how to put it together.* It was excellent. But is there going to be enough? Don't scrimp, Aunt Jane."

"No, I don't intend to. I'll give you the directions for whatever dishes you haven't down in your book; those for jelly and whip you will find in Amy's. As you can make the pastry, you have only to decide as to the filling of your pies. When I was a little girl it used to be an object of pride with country house-keepers to see how many kinds they could display at their Thanksgiving dinners at once. My mother knew a woman who had twenty-eight, but I think we never got farther than eleven. There was no waste about it, you know; if the pies were set in a cool place they would keep for a fort-

*This process is explained in "Six Little Cooks," p. 78.

night, and as they were made especially rich and good for this occasion, we had a regular feast of them."

"What were your eleven kinds, Aunt Jane?"

"I'll try to remember. Mince, green apple, dried apple, dried peach, pumpkin, dried cherry, custard, cranberry, cocoanut—oh, I'm running short."

"Lemon, perhaps?"

"No; I had never heard of a lemon pie then. I know I begged my mother to let me have some preserves so as to make a greater variety, but she would't consent to such waste. I think the others must have been Marlborough pudding, which looks like a pie, you know, and quince, stewed up with apple like marmalade, but not rich enough to preserve."

"I'll make as many as I can," said Dora. "But I must have some mince-meat."

"Oh, never mind that for this time," answered her aunt. "Mince-meat ought to stand two or three weeks before it is used, and takes a long time to make. After Thanksgiving you can make some, and then it will be ready for Christmas. You must have a pumpkin pie, of course, or it wouldn't be Thanksgiving; and a cranberry-tart, with twisted strips of paste laid on in diamonds

across the top, in the regular old fashion. As these are such universal favorites there ought to be two apiece of them; and then if you make a couple of lemon or cocoa-nut, there will be all we need and a great deal more than we ought to eat. Now take your receipt-book, and we'll go at things in regular order."

Oyster Soup.

Strain the liquor from two quarts of oysters, and put it in a sauce-pan on the back of the stove; then wash the oysters and remove every particle of shell. Heat three pints of milk with a few blades of mace, and when it is hot add to it three ounces of butter rubbed together with one and a half of flour; stir this into the milk and when it begins to thicken add the liquor from the oysters, which must be hot but not boiling. Add salt and pepper to taste. When the oysters are well puffed out and the edges ruffled, serve the soup. Eat with small crackers. If there should be more than half a pint of liquor in the two quarts of oysters, take less milk, so as to keep the quantity of liquid the same.

Roast Turkey.

Make a stuffing with stale bread-crumbs and two table-

spoonfuls of butter, seasoned with pepper, salt, and sweet majoram or thyme; make it into a mass with a little hot water or milk, and set aside for use. Clean the turkey thoroughly, if this has not been done at the market, being careful in taking out the entrails not to break the "crop." Then wash out the cavity, first with a little water in which a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved, and then in clear water. Crush the point of the breast-bone with a rolling-pin; then *truss* the fowl in this way: Cross the last joint of the wing above the first joint, and skewer them close to the body; cut off the neck, first drawing back the skin an inch or two. Near the "Pope's nose," each side of the opening made for "drawing" the fowl, make an incision, into which by pressing back the legs very gently and perseveringly, the ends of the legs may be slipped. Stuff this part of the fowl full, and then sew it up with strong cotton. Stuff the breast through the neck, and tie a string tightly round the skin to keep in the dressing. Both string and thread must be removed before the fowl is dished. The same directions will serve in trussing other fowls.

In roasting, if the fire is good and the turkey tender, allow about ten minutes to the pound; if otherwise, longer.

A tough fowl should always be parboiled before roasting. Put two cupfuls of water in the dripping-pan, and lay the turkey on a grating on top of this, if you can procure or make one. This steams the under part of the fowl, and prevents the skin from cracking. Spot the top of the fowl with butter or drippings, and baste frequently. If the top browns before the rest is done, lay a piece of white paper over it. Boil the giblets, chop them very fine and add them with the water they were boiled in to the gravy, which you can make in the dripping-pan after the fowl is taken out. Thicken with a spoonful of browned flour, wet up with water that it may not be lumpy, and boil up once before pouring into the gravy-boat. If there is too much fat in the drippings, pour it off before putting in the giblets, as it will give a disagreeable taste to the gravy.

Boiled Ham.

Select a small ham for boiling; soak it over night, and in the morning wash hard with a coarse cloth, and scrape the under part. Boil very slowly in plenty of water, allowing not less than twenty minutes to the pound; when done, take off the skin carefully without defacing

the ham. Send to table with dottings of black pepper over the top, and, if you like, stick a clove into the middle of each one of these. If you wish the ham to be perfectly delicious, bake it for two hours in a slow oven after it is skinned; put vinegar instead of water into the dripping-pan, and baste with that. The top of the ham should be covered to prevent burning. Ten minutes before it is done, take it out and cover it with grated bread, then return it to the oven, to brown on the top. Serve with a frill of cut white paper around the bone.

"You haven't room in the oven for the ham and turkey both," said Mrs. King, "so you can boil the ham the day before, as it should be cold to eat with the turkey. When there is no other meat for dinner it should be served hot."

Cranberry Sauce.

Wash and pick over a quart of cranberries and stew slowly with a teacupful of water, stirring often. They require at least an hour and a half to cook. When you take them from the fire, sweeten to taste with white sugar, and be sure that your taste is a very sweet one. Do not sweeten while over the fire. Serve cold. A handsomer

dish is made by straining the whole while hot through a colander or sieve into a mould wet with cold water, then turning it out when firm into a glass dish, but for taste the other is preferable.

Sweet Potatoes.

Always choose potatoes of as nearly the same size as possible. Roast them until the largest feels soft when you press it between your finger and thumb. They need a little longer time, both for roasting and boiling, than Irish potatoes. They are very good warmed over for breakfast, cut in slices and fried.

"We always serve sweet potatoes at our house as a separate course," said Mrs. King, "and send round the butter-dish with them. Otherwise we never have butter on the table with hot meat and gravy, except when there is corn on the cob, which of course requires it."

"I don't think I have any receipt for potato snow," said Dora.

"It is very simple. Use the rule for mashed potatoes, and when they are ready rub them quickly through a colander into the vegetable dish, being very careful not to touch the mass after it falls into the dish. The only

objection to this is that it is apt to be cool by the time you eat it; but it looks so pretty that one doesn't mind that if there are plenty of other things."

"Now please give me the recipes for pies."

"You will find an excellent one for lemon pies in Amy's book, No. 74, only don't make the mistake Gracie did once, of leaving out the sugar! She had accidentally omitted it in copying, and you should have seen the wry faces we all made when we tried to eat it. It needs a good large cup of sugar. If you like, you can make Esther's Pudding instead (No. 66), only you must double the quantities. The directions for cocoanut pudding come just after it in the little book. For cranberry tart, you make the sauce beforehand, but don't boil it long enough to make a jelly; the rest will be done in baking. What are called pumpkin pies are now generally made of squash, which is rather more easily prepared, and has a more delicate flavor; but I will give you the recipes for both."

Pumpkin Pie.

Remove the seeds and rind, cut up the pumpkin and stew until soft in water enough to cover it, taking care

not to let it burn; dry off the water gradually over the fire until the pumpkin looks a dark brown; strain through a colander, add to one quart of it a quart of milk and from two to four eggs, according to the richness desired; one teaspoon salt, one cup coffee-sugar, one heaping teaspoon ginger, half as much cinnamon and half a teaspoon grated nutmeg. The eggs must be beaten separately and very light. Bake without upper crust. Many people prefer it without any other spice than ginger.

Squash Pie.

Cut a winter squash into pieces and remove the seeds, but do not pare it, then steam it until perfectly soft, and rub through a colander. Stir in milk to make a thick batter, add three eggs for each quart of the mixture, sweeten to taste and flavor with a little cinnamon and ginger, but not as much as for pumpkin. If desired richer, use four eggs instead of three.

"For most pies made of fruit, whether fresh or dried," said Mrs. King, "your own judgment will suffice without special rules. You must first sweeten the fruit to taste, and if it is dried, be sure that it is perfectly clean,

and well stewed before being poured into the crust. It does not cook much in baking. Peaches make the best pies of this kind, according to our taste; but dried apples are excellent if stewed until very soft, and flavored with lemon or dried orange peel. They are a little insipid without some added flavor."

"Doesn't ripe fruit need stewing, Aunt Jane?"

"Peaches do not; you merely place a layer of sliced peaches and a sprinkling of sugar alternately until your dish is full, then pour over a tablespoonful of water and cover with crust. Of course the plate is lined with paste first. Ripe, juicy, tart apples may be treated in the same way, but require more sugar and a very little powdered cinnamon or cloves. Another way is to stew them with very little water, rub through the colander and stir in a teaspoonful of butter to each pint of apple, add sugar and spice to taste, and do not pour into the pie-plate until the sauce is cool. This looks better without an upper crust, or with strips laid across like cranberry. Just before serving, sift over a little powdered sugar."

"I wish you'd tell me how to make a roller dumpling, Aunt Jane."

"You will find a full account of them in Amy's book,

I think it is No. 49. When you haven't jam, or don't want to use it, dried currants, well washed and evenly spread over, make a very good substitute, only rather rich."

The preparations for the Thanksgiving dinner went on in the most flourishing manner. Dora obtained a dispensation by which she was allowed to leave school at noon the day before, and all materials having been collected she spent the afternoon in the kitchen, busy with her pastry and final arrangements. As Serena was cooking the dinner at the same time, Dora thought it would be a good time to give her some gentle hints as to waiting on table.

"Maggie will be here to help you," she said, "and she understands all about it. We'll have everything that will be wanted ready on the side-table beforehand, and all you'll have to do will be to change the plates after the soup, and then again when we are ready for the dessert. Aunt Jane says——"

"Guess you'll have to do your own waitin' on, and cookin', too," interrupted Serena, "for I haint a goin' to be here. My folks is comin' for me to-night."

"Why, Serena!" exclaimed Dora, taken all aback,

"why didn't you tell me before?" I can't get anybody else now, it's so late."

"You might a' knowed without tellin' that I wasn't a goin' to stop and work on a holiday," remarked the amiable "help." "An' I shan't be back till after breakfast next day, neither."

Dora had learned prudence by bitter experience, and she restrained the angry words that rose to her lips, merely remarking that she was sorry, and that it was a great inconvenience. As soon as possible she ran in to her aunt and related the story of her woes.

"I m very sorry for your disappointment, dear," said Mrs. King, in her kind, sympathetic tones. "It is intolerably provoking, certainly; but as we must put up with it, I think you might better all come in and dine with us this time, and perhaps some other time we can return the visit, when you have better luck."

"But every thing is ready," persisted Dora, trying hard to keep back the tears which would stream down her face in spite of all her efforts, at this failure of her plans. "And my pies and jelly look perfectly lovely, and I had engaged a pint of cream for the syllabub, and everything. I think you ought to let me send the things

all in, so that it can be our dinner, even if it is cooked at your house."

"I have an idea!" said Aunt Jane gaily. "Since you are so bent upon it, suppose I lend you my cook for the occasion and let Maggie do the waiting, and then it will be your dinner out and out. How will that suit you?"

"Oh, you dear, delightful Aunt Jane!" exclaimed Dora, springing up in rapture; "how good in you to think of that! It will be just the very thing! But will she want to come? Haven't you promised to let her go out?"

"I offered to, but she declined. You know she has no other home but this. So we'll consider it settled."

Dora went home feeling quite light-hearted, but did not dare to tell her father anything until he had finished dinner, for she knew he would be very angry. The moment he heard the circumstances he rose from the table and marched with rapid strides towards the kitchen.

"Oh, papa, what are you going to do?" exclaimed Dora running to him and clinging to his arm. "Please tell me."

"To tell that woman to take off her baggage with her and never show her face in this house again!" answered

Mr. Greenwood, trying to shake off his daughter. "The insolent creature!"

"Oh, don't, Papa, please don't! If you only knew how perfectly *awful* it was to be without a girl when I am going to school you wouldn't do it. If it was in vacation I shouldn't mind it. Just remember what times we had before she came, and it wouldn't be any better now. And I'm studying so hard to get ready for our Christmas exhibition! And perhaps Annie may come back before the next holidays. Please let her stay, Papa!"

Papa was very unwilling to give way, but seeing that his daughter had common sense on her side he yielded at last, though not without some growling. Dora was not easy in her mind until she saw him safe in the parlor and the door shut, after which she knew there would be little likelihood of his meeting the refractory maiden.

I wish I had space to tell you of the gay dinner-party the next day, but I can only mention one or two incidents which interested the young people. When the table was cleared for dessert, five grains of dried Indian corn were ceremoniously laid by the side of each plate. The children opened their eyes and looked at their aunt, who

only smiled. "Don't you know what it means?" said she after a while.

Some guesses were made, but none hit the right answer until Dora called out, "Oh, I know! It was one time when the people at Plymouth had run so short of provisions that there was only enough corn left to give five grains to each person. Isn't that what it's for, Aunt Jane?"

"Yes, it is to remind us of what they went through by contrasting their supply with our abundance. And you know that before it became necessary to distribute the five grains apiece, a ship came from England loaded with provisions; so we will consider that represented by our dessert."

When this had been duly discussed, Amy said that she had brought over a dish of her own preparation, which she would like them to try; only they must be blindfolded and promise *positively* not to look. The name of it was "Blind Chestnuts."

So they promised, and she fed them all round with as many of her chestnuts as they would eat, which did not amount to a great number because they said they were sure there was some trick about it, and were impatient

to find out what it was. Then they opened their eyes, and discovered that she had been feeding them with small lumps of roast sweet potato, made as nearly as possible into the form of chestnuts, and they had never discovered the difference.

"They were good, any way," remarked the juveniles. "But you can't catch us that way again!"

"No," said Mrs. Grant, "it's for you to remember it and catch somebody else."

CHAPTER XI.

THE HOLIDAYS.

The approach of Christmas brought the promise of a great pleasure in addition to those belonging especially to the season. Grace and Mabel Vernon, Amy's cousins, were to come some days before Christmas and spend a fortnight, and as Mabel and Amy were nearly of an age and Grace two or three years older, it was agreed that the latter should make her visit to Dora.

"Now I *must* make some mince-meat," said Dora. "Grace won't think I'm any house-keeper at all if we don't have mince-pies."

"Very well," answered Mrs. King, to whom this appeal was made, "I'll tell you how to make it, but you must be prepared to take a great deal of trouble."

"I don't mind that," said Dora, "if I can only have things that will make a fine appearance and have a grown-up look to them. And I'm going to learn how to make bread, too, in the holidays."

"Ambitious young woman!" remarked her aunt. "Well, since you are bent upon distinguishing yourself, I suppose I must give you my best recipe, though I warn you that it is too rich for common use, and that I shall advise you to make up a plainer kind for your family."

"Do let me have the best while I am about it, Aunt Jane," answered Dora; "these are for all my life, you know. Then you can give me the plain one afterward."

"Here it is," said Mrs. King. "I took it down from the lips of an English house-keeper whose pies were unsurpassable, to my taste."

Mince Meat.

Five pounds lean beef, boiled and chopped fine, two and a half of minced suet, four of seeded raisins, two of currants, two of sliced citron, six of brown sugar, half a bushel sour apples, first measured, then pared, cored and chopped, three pints of boiled cider and one of molasses, two grated nutmegs, half a teaspoonful black pepper, and salt to taste. If not moist enough, add common cider. Mix well together and boil one hour. When cool add brandy to taste, then set away in large stone jars in a cold place, and cover closely.

"I make a little variation on that by leaving out the pepper and one nutmeg and substituting one teaspoonful cinnamon and one of ground cloves. You must always taste your mince-meat when it is thoroughly mixed, and if it needs more spice or sugar, throw in a little at a time till it tastes right. Here is a plainer recipe."

Family Mince Meat.

Two pounds lean boiled beef, one of chopped suet, three of apples, two of raisins, one of brown sugar, a little salt, pepper, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg to taste; moisten with sweet cider.

"If you want to try the first recipe," said Mrs. King, "I should advise you to take half of all the quantities and then slightly diminish those of fruit. That would give you, say, one and a half pounds raisins, three-quarters of currants and a half a pound citron, which would make very good pies, and more wholesome than if they were richer. There's one thing that you can't be too particular about; it is to have your beef perfectly cleared from fat and gristle, and your suet from strings and bloody scraps, before chopping them. This requires

both patience and attention, but nothing must induce you to neglect it."

"Couldn't you tell me some more things to try while Grace is here, Aunt Jane? She is a famous cook, and she always likes to learn something new."

"Yes, I have many that are not down in her book, and unless she has obtained them since I was there, they will be new to her. Here is a very nice one."

Spanish Cream.

Beat the yolks of three egg with half a cup granulated sugar, heat half an ounce isinglass in three pints milk; when it is dissolved and the milk risen to boiling point, stir them slowly into the yolks; boil once more and then stir in the frothed whites. Pour into moulds and set away to cool.

Plum Pudding.

One cup chopped suet, one of molasses, one of sour milk, four of flour, three quarters of a pound fruit (if raisins, seeded but not chopped, if currants, washed *very* clean*), an even teaspoonful each of soda and salt, spice to taste; boil or steam two hours. Serve with liquid sauce.

*Directions for washing dried currants will be found in "Six Little Cooks," p. 174.

Extempore Pudding.

Boil one pound rice with a teaspoonful salt, first washing the rice in several waters; while hot stir in four tablespoonfuls of stewed apples, cherry or any kind of jam or preserve of which you have a little left over, add one heaping tablespoonful butter, half a pound (or one tumblerful) sugar, one teaspoonful cinnamon if you use apple sauce. Bake half an hour.

Children's Pudding Sauce.

One pint sweet milk, butter the size of a walnut, two well-beaten yolks of eggs, one teaspoonful vanilla or bitter almond flavoring; melt butter in milk, beating all the time, then take it from the fire and beat until cool; stir a little of this into the yolks, beat well and gradually add the rest, heat over a slow fire until it thickens a little, sweeten to taste, then take it off the fire and stir until the sugar is dissolved.

Plain Pudding–Sauce.

One heaping tablespoonful butter, five of sugar, one of corn starch rubbed smooth in milk; beat to a cream, then add gradually one pint boiling water, one well-beaten egg, a little nutmeg and wine or lemon-juice if desired.

Molasses Cookies.

One cup molasses, half a cup each of sugar, butter and sweet milk, one tablespoonful ginger, half a teaspoonful salt, the same of saleratus, flour enough to roll easily.

Minute Cookies.

One cup sugar, one half cup each of water and butter, one pint flour, one half teaspoonful soda. Roll thin and bake quickly.

Delicate Cake.

One and a half cups each of sugar and flour, one-half cup each of butter, milk and corn starch, whites of six eggs, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half do. soda.

Snow Tea-Cake.

Four cups flour, three of sweet milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful sugar, two teaspoonfuls baking-powder. Bake in muffin-rings.

Jane's Crullers.

Two cups sugar, one of sour milk, four eggs, four tablespoons melted butter, one teaspoon saleratus dissolved in milk. Mix with flour enough to thicken it well, and let the dough stand one hour before baking.

"There, I think that will do," said Mrs. King. "I dare say Grace will have some new ones to add, for I hear she is busy collecting all the time."

Christmas was to come on Monday, and the visitors arrived on the previous Friday, and were warmly welcomed. After Dora and Grace had retired to their room for the night they had a long, confidential conversation about various matters,—of which we will report only so much as concerns our especial subject.

"Of course Serena will go home to-morrow evening," said Dora, "and we shan't see her again before Tuesday morning; but she leaves almost everything ready that we need on Sunday, so you won't be so very much bored by my attempts at cookery. Then on Christmas we all go to Aunt Jane's, and she'll be sure to give us something gorgeously good, so I think we'll manage to exist."

"Let me come into the kitchen and help you while Serena's gone," said Grace. "I think it's just as nice a way to visit as any."

"If you like it, I'm sure I shan't object," answered her cousin. "And I wish you'd help me think up something new for breakfast. I'm so tired of the old ones I don't know what to do."

"Do you have liver and bacon? Veal hash? Fish-balls? Stewed kidneys? Sweatbreads? Mackerel? Frizzled beef? Ham and eggs? Corned beef hash? Omelette? All sorts of potatoes? Muffins? Toast? Fried mush? Fried hominy? Buckwheat cakes? Johnny cake? Picked-up cod-fish? Warmed-up beef and mutton and things?" And receiving an answer in the affirmative to each suggestion, Grace paused with a puzzled air, as if her imagination had given out.

"I'll look over my book and see if there's anything else," said she, "but those are our stand-bys. Then you know there are veal cutlets and mutton chops and pork tenderloins and beef steak?"

"Yes, but I like all those better for dinner. In summer it is easy enough, because then there are plenty of eggs and we can often get fresh fish; but now I go through the rounds and begin again, and it seems as if the same thing came so very often."

The next day a regular cooking frolic began. The girls made every thing they could think of that could possibly be used for two days, and a new kind of cake that should never be cut until the day after it was made, and would keep a week if tightly boxed. I will give you this and some other of their recipes.

Clove Cake.

One and a quarter cups butter, two cups brown sugar, four of flour, one of milk, half a cup molasses, five eggs, one pound raisins, half a teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake in two loaves.

"You must be careful to get the flour measured just rightly," said Grace, "or the cake will all crumble to pieces. The first time I made it you could hardly eat it except with a spoon."

Empress Pudding.

Boil a quarter of a pound rice with half a teaspoonful salt slowly in as much milk as it will take up, adding more as it is needed. When perfectly soft add two ounces butter, and after it has cooled, three well-beaten eggs. Spread this mixture over the bottom of a pudding-dish and cover with a layer of jam, continuing these alternately until the dish is full. Bake in a moderate oven three quarters of an hour. Eat cold. If you wish it superlatively good, cover it, when helped, with cream or boiled custard.

"We'll make that for to-morrow," said Grace. "Won't they open their eyes? Now give me a plain one for to-day."

"I'll give you one I took from Marion Harland. It's good and easy."

Cracker Pudding.

Warm a quart of milk and pour it on one cup powdered soda crackers; let them stand together fifteen minutes, then add the beaten yolks of five eggs, two tablespoonfuls melted butter and half a teaspoonful soda dissolved in hot water; beat all smooth and add the whipped whites. Eat hot, with sauce.

Soft Gingerbread.

Half a cup melted butter, two cups West India molasses, one cup sour milk, one egg, one tablespoon ginger, two teaspoons soda, flour enough to make a batter.

Patent Tea Cake.

Sift two teaspoonfuls cream-tartar into one quart flour; take two tablespoonfuls sugar, two well-beaten eggs, one heaping tablespoonful melted butter, and mix all together in one pint milk. Just before baking, add one teaspoonful soda, and bake in gem tins or muffin rings.

"I've found something new for breakfast in Mrs. Miller's book," said Grace. "We might as well try it, and if we like it we can copy out the recipe."

BREAKFAST–BEEF.

Three-quarters of a pound of cold roast beef, cut in small, thin bits; let this heat slowly in half a pint cold water, with one tablespoonful Chili sauce, one teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful pepper. Rub the butter and flour together with a little of the hot gravy; add them to the beef; let it simmer long enough to cook the flour; then serve, ornamenting the dish with points of toast.

"Have you any Chili sauce?"

"No; but I dare say Worcestershire will do just as well. What's your idea about Christmas morning breakfast?"

"Stewed oysters! I know they're rather dear, but it's only once a year. Do you think your father would mind it?"

"No," said Dora, "he says he doesn't mind what things I use if I only make something good. He doesn't like to have expensive materials spoiled."

"I don't suppose anybody does. But I don't think we *can* spoil them, they're so easy to do. Can you get them here? That's rather important."

"Oh, yes; they come in cans. I'll send down directly for fear we should forget it, and you might be writing down the recipe."

Stewed Oysters.

Strain the liquor from the oysters and wash them clean; then let them cook a few minutes slowly in their own liquor until they ruffle. Have ready a drawn-butter sauce, not too thin; stir in the oysters and liquor, boil up once, and serve hot with crackers. The little crackers about the size of a dime are the nicest.

"While I'm about it I may as well give you the next one, though it isn't a breakfast dish."

Scalloped Oysters.

Butter a pudding-dish very thoroughly and place in the bottom a layer of powdered cracker, which is to be wet with a little of the oyster-liquor and milk in equal parts. Next put a layer of oysters, over which sprinkle salt, black pepper, nutmeg and cayenne, which should be mixed together beforehand in the proportions of three

teaspoonfuls of salt to half a teaspoonful pepper, half a grated nutmeg and a pinch of cayenne. Dredge this over the oysters and then spread small bits of butter evenly over them; then another layer of moistened cracker, and so on until the dish is full. Cover at first till nearly cooked, and brown at the last. Let the upper layer be of cracker, moistened with an egg beaten into the milk. Do not attempt this until you have judgment enough to know how to season properly, or until you have some one to show you.

As this history doth not profess to give a full account of Dora Greenwood's life, but only busies itself with an occasional glimpse of her experiences as a housekeeper, the writer thereof must be pardoned for not going into details concerning Aunt Jane's Christmas dinner, which came off as per programme; but will only give the bill of fare as written down afterwards by Dora herself, for future reference:

First, mock turtle soup; then boiled turkey with oyster sauce, meat pie, potato croquettes, canned corn and macaroni; fried oysters, served with dressed celery for the second course; after which, mince pies, a plum pudding,

some water-ices from the confectioner's, Malaga grapes and black Hamburgs, beautifully grouped together in a fruit dish ornamented with leaves, and finally, the inevitable cup of coffee. As the children did not partake of this last, Cousin Helen had prepared some home-made mottoes for them, in which the verses were written by herself, and being appropriate to the company, caused much amusement.

"Not a single thing that we had at our Thanksgiving dinner except the coffee!" exclaimed Dora, in amazement. "Even those beautiful rolls instead of our pieces of bread by the plates, and fried bread for the soup instead of crackers! Oh, yes, I forgot; there was one more thing we both had alike; it was the ice-water!"

"You know I only give a dinner-party once a year, Dora," said her aunt apologetically, "so I thought I might be a little extravagant. Whenever you have half an hour to spare, I'll give you all the directions."

As this did not happen for some time, we may as well give Mrs. King's recipes at once. Taking the dinner in order, we must begin with

Mock Turtle Soup.

Soak one quart turtle or black beans over night, then

put them over the fire with a soup-bone chopped up small, and boil slowly for five or six hours. When half done add half a teaspoonful ground cloves, and salt and pepper to taste. When done, strain through a colander, pressing through enough of the pulp of the beans to make the soup as thick as you desire, and add when you dish it one or two hard-boiled eggs cut in slices, and a finely sliced lemon. Some people add half a tumblerful wine. Serve with slices of bread fried in butter or drippings and cut into squares, which should be passed round in a dish and taken out with a spoon, like small crackers. If you choose to take the trouble, you can enrich your soup by adding

Force Meat Balls.

Three-quarters of a pound veal, three ounces salt pork, two of grated bread, three tablespoons sweet cream or milk, one teaspoon salt, half a teaspoon each of pepper and summer savory, one beaten egg. Chop the veal and pork as fine as possible and mix them with the other ingredients; make them into smooth round balls a little larger than a marble; fry in deep lard, and place in the tureen before pouring in the soup.

Boiled Turkey.

Clean and truss, the same as for roasting; then stuff with a similar dressing, except that you substitute chopped oysters for the sweet herb used for roast turkey, and add a little milk. When oysters are not to be had, chopped celery will do. Wrap the turkey closely in a thin cloth which should be dredged with flour on the inside to prevent the fowl from sticking. Boil very slowly and steadily, allowing fifteen minutes to a pound. Serve with oyster or celery sauce, according to the dressing.

Oyster Sauce.

Take a cupful of the liquor in which the turkey was boiled, the same of milk, and eight oysters chopped fine. Stir in a tablespoonful of flour rubbed smooth in milk, the same of butter and a little finely-chopped parsley. Boil up once and serve immediately.

Another way is to make a drawn-butter sauce, into which you pour the liquor drained from half a pint of oysters; when made, plunge in the oysters whole and boil five minutes.

Celery Sauce.

Boil two large heads of celery with a few blades of

mace in salted water until tender; drain and cut into small bits. Take a teacupful of the liquor in which the fowl was boiled, and thicken it with a heaping tablespoonful of flour; add the same quantity of butter, and salt to taste; lastly, a teacupful of cream or milk. Stir and beat until it is smooth, then heat almost to boiling, stirring all the while. Serve in a gravy-boat.

Beef-Steak Pie.

Cut the steak into pieces an inch long and stew with the bones (which must be cracked), in just enough water to cover the meat, until it is half done. At the same time, parboil a dozen potatoes in another pot. Line a baking-dish with paste, put in a layer of the beef (removing the bone), with salt and pepper and a very little chopped onion; then one of sliced potatoes with a little butter scattered upon them, and so on until the dish is full. Take the gravy in which the meat is stewed, thicken it with browned flour and pour it over the pie; then cover with a thick crust and cut a slit in the middle.

A similar pie can be made from rare roast beef, except that it requires somewhat more seasoning. A spoonful of Worcestershire or Chili sauce makes it very palatable.

Crust for Meat-Pies.

One quart flour, into which sift two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, three tablespoonfuls lard, two and a half cups milk, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful soda wet in hot water and stirred into the milk. Rub the lard through the flour first with the hands, then add the rest. Work up lightly and rapidly, and do not get it too stiff in rolling out.

Potato Crust.

To a large cupful of mashed potato add two tablespoonfuls melted butter, a well beaten egg, two cups milk, and beat all together until very light. Work in just enough flour to enable you to roll it out. A very wholesome crust.

Canned Corn.

To one can of corn add half a pint of rich milk, two ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of salt and half as much pepper, and let it simmer ten minutes, or longer if it does not appear thoroughly cooked.

Baked Macaroni.

Boil six ounces of macaroni broken up very short, until

half done, in more water than is enough to cover it; do not stir while boiling; have ready three ounces of grated cheese and half as much butter; drain the macaroni and place it in layers in a baking-dish, alternately with a little butter and cheese, reserving some of both for the top, mix in half a pint of milk, a large half tablespoonful of dry mustard, a teaspoonful of salt, and a pinch of cayenne pepper; pour this over the macaroni, cover with the remainder of the cheese and butter, and bake half an hour. After making this by measurement once, you will probably be able to proportion the butter and cheese by judgment.

Stewed Macaroni.

Boil half a pound of macaroni broken into inch-long pieces, in a quart of salted water until nearly done; pour off the water, cover, add a large cupful of milk and stew until perfectly tender. Have ready a cup of milk thickened with a teaspoonful flour, a tablespoonful butter and a beaten egg. Heat this until sufficiently thickened, then pour it over the macaroni and serve at once. If it is desired more highly seasoned, add a thin layer of grated cheese before the dressing is poured on, and mix with the latter a little dry mustard and a pinch of cayenne pepper.

Fried Oysters

Choose the largest and finest oysters you can get; take them carefully from the liquor and dry between two clean cloths. Prepare some beaten eggs, also some cracker rolled fine; and have ready hot butter in a frying-pan. Dip each oyster first into the egg and then into the cracker, rolling it over until perfectly incrusted, then fry quickly to a light brown. Serve the moment they are done, on a hot dish garnished with curled parsley.

"I think you have all now that was new to you," said Aunt Jane, when she had dictated thus far. "The celery was covered with Mayonnaise dressing, for which you have the recipe in Amy's book, where you will also find a direction for potato croquettes, and for the 'Rush Street Christmas Pudding,' which you all appreciated so highly. The pies were just such as you made the mince-meat for two or three weeks ago. I was glad none of the children touched them; I didn't suppose they would when we had pudding, so I only put them on for ornament."

"Rather a dangerous experiment, I think," said Dora. "My experience is that the only way to keep children from wanting pies is not to let them know there are any."

CHAPTER XII.

MORE HARD WORK.

"I SUPPOSE I must get breakfast to-morrow," said Dora, rather ruefully, after they came home from the Christmas dinner. "Serena said she didn't know what time she should be back, and I know that means some time in the middle of the day. I don't mind it so much when I once get at it, but I do dread the getting up in the morning."

"Be sure you call me," said Grace. "We can have 'breakfast-beef' and *maitre d' hotel* potatoes; I'll undertake those if you'll do the rest."

Taking time by the forelock, the two cooks made all the preparations they could, overnight; cutting up meat and potatoes, setting the table, and placing all adjuncts in order in the kitchen. As Dora had predicted from experience, it was hard work to turn out of her comfortable bed at six o'clock in the morning and go to work by lamp-light; but to Grace it was a novelty, and put her

into such good spirits that the time passed very merrily. The breakfast was quite satisfactory, except that there was a little too much pepper-sauce in the beef, and that the potatoes were somewhat undersalted; but by judiciously mixing the two on each plate, the party made out pretty well.

"It takes you young cooks a good while to learn how to season," said Mr. Greenwood; "but you must always remember one thing—you can add salt and pepper, but you can't take them away after they're in, so be a little easy with them."

Washing dishes and putting the house in order is not nearly as pleasant as exchanging Christmas presents and dining with one's uncle; but our two girls went through it like Trojans, knowing that it would make Serena very cross to have any extra work to do; but they had no need to trouble themselves about her feelings, for the hours passed by, and no Serena appeared. Lunch time came and the hungry children must be fed.

"I suppose I must open a can of preserves," said Dora. "There isn't a bit of apple sauce in the house, and everything else seems to be eaten up clean. What do you have for lunch at home?"

"Boiled rice with molasses or brown sugar on it; Johnny cake; warmed-up potatoes; plain boiled eggs or poached eggs and toast; scrambled eggs; fried apples; apple sauce; potato salad; hominy and milk; baked potatoes; baked apples or pears; chocolate; dried beef; hash left over from breakfast; milk soup; rice pudding; fried mush, and sometimes for a treat, doughnuts or fresh gingerbread. Pie is the best, but mamma won't let us have that, except a deep apple-pie baked without under-crust. Then we always have sardines in the house in case of sudden company."

"Most of those things would take too long," said Dora. "Let's have something easy."

"Fried apples and chocolate go well together," answered her cousin. "If you like, I'll do them while you're setting the table."

"All right, but how do you do the apples?"

"Cut them into quarters and core them—they don't need skinning—then fry them just as you would potatoes, in butter or drippings. Mamma likes drippings best. When they are brown you dish them and sprinkle sugar over them. Sometimes we have them cut in round, flat slices—not up and down,—about four slices in each

apple. Then we don't core them. They must be sour, you know."

This dish was favorably received, but as the afternoon wore away it became only too evident that they were not to look for the return of the cook. So Dora, in a state of profound disgust, went in to her aunt's to ask how she should cook the dinner.

"You have a leg of mutton?" said that kind friend. "Boil it, that's the easiest way, and then you'll have the liquor for soup. Don't get too much salt in, that's all. Put it on in cold water over a good fire; after it once comes to a boil let it cook slowly and steadily until it is done, allowing as usual about a quarter of an hour to each pound. Drain the leg perfectly dry before you dish it. You will need drawn-butter to go with it, with a good tablespoonful of capers or nasturtiums stirred in the last thing. Mashed turnips, of course, and plain boiled potatoes will be best, as you don't want extra trouble; and if you need another vegetable, tomato is good with anything."

"What for dessert, Aunt Jane? Do give us something very easy."

"I'll give you the easiest thing I know of. I'll send

you a pie; then all you'll have to do will be to set it in the oven for a few minutes before you eat it."

"Oh, Aunty, I didn't mean that! How quick you always are at thinking of the kindest thing to do!"

"It will be your turn to think some time or other, and you'll be helping Milly and Julia, or perhaps Amy, in their housekeeping. But I can tell you how to make an easy dessert; boil rice in milk until it will make a smooth jelly, then press it into teacups, and when cold turn it out on a flat dish. Then in the top of each mould you press something to make a smooth round hole, which you can fill with jelly or preserves. That makes a pretty looking dish, and if you want it richer you can add cream or boiled custard. Another simple dessert is made with corn-starch or farina, from the directions given on the packages. These are better eaten cold, and you can make a nice sauce by beating up an egg very light and stirring it into a pint of milk which you afterwards sweeten to taste and flavor with a little nutmeg."

"I should like to know how to boil rice in grains," said Dora.

"The rice must be carefully picked over and washed in two waters, then boiled for twenty minutes in salted

water. Do not stir it at all, but shake it hard and often, holding the cover on tightly at the same time. At the end of twenty minutes drain the water off carefully and set the sauce-pan uncovered in some place where the rice will dry, but not burn, for a few minutes longer."

"How much milk do you use to make a jelly?"

"Fully four times the measured quantity of rice, and as it is extremely liable to burn, it is better to allow a longer time and set the vessel it is cooked in into another containing boiling water. It is safer always to do this in boiling milk for any purpose."

About dark there was a violent ring at the front door, followed by the entrance of an unkempt youth, who was speedily recognized as Serena's brother.

"Where's Serena?" panted out Dora, who had rushed out from the kitchen with a meat-fork in her hand.

"Oh, she's concluded she wouldn't come back no more; she was agoin' to, but they all set onto her to stay to hum, and so she'll take what's comin' to her, and Jemimy's come along to pick up her things."

"I don't wonder she's ashamed to show her face," returned Dora, flouncing back into the kitchen, and, I regret to say, banging the door after her. "Grace,"

said she, after having relieved her feelings in this way, "won't you take a lamp and show that fellow and his sister where Serena's room is? And when he wants his money, tell him to go to papa in the parlor! I guess he'll catch it!" But as soon as Grace had started on her errand, Dora felt ashamed to think how easily she had lost her temper.

"Why *can't* I behave like a lady?" she thought aloud, "and after all my good resolutions, too!" and then she had a short struggle with herself, which ended in her going to find the little girl who was engaged in bundling up Serena's effects, and giving her a pleasant word or two, to efface the impression of her previous ill-humor. Then returning with her to the hall she gave her a seat, and showed the ill-favored youth, who was still standing awkwardly by the front door, the way into the parlor where her father was sitting, and returned to her cooking with a more tranquil spirit.

Once more James was despatched for Mother Moppett, but that worthy dame was busy nursing a sick friend, and could not be had for love or money. Being a persevering youth, however, he kept on his travels until he found a young girl answering to the name of Mary Ann,

who was prevailed upon to give what help she could until a more available person could be found.

A very clumsy and inefficient "help" she proved, but she could at least wash pots and kettles and scour knives, and this relieved Dora from the hardest of her labors. By watching her and working with her all the time, it was possible to get the roughest part of the work done, and by her father's permission Dora sent out the entire washing, so that with the help of Grace, who was just in her element and regarded the whole as a good joke, the young house-keeper thought she could live a few days longer, though at first she declared she didn't see her way out of it except by committing suicide.

"I hate to be so troublesome, Cousin Helen," she exclaimed, on the day following the visit of the "Serenites," as she called them; "but *would* you teach me to make bread? If you were to see papa's look of disgust when he has to put any of that baker's stuff into his mouth, you'd be sorry for me!"

"Of course I will with the greatest pleasure," replied Mrs. Grant. "I think you're the bravest little thing that ever was to keep right on through all your discouragements, and I'm glad to help you whenever I can.

We'll start a sponge to-night, but first you must learn how to make yeast."

Home-made Yeast.

Take six large potatoes, wash them clean, and boil them *in their skins* (this is a very important point), in three quarts of water with a good handful of hops, until the potatoes fall to pieces. Stir one quart of flour in a little cold water perfectly smooth, and strain into this the liquor from the potatoes, boiling hot, stirring it free from lumps. Put to soak two cakes of "Twin-Brothers' yeast cakes," or any other good kind in a cup of lukewarm water for fifteen or twenty minutes, then stir smoothly into them a tablespoonful of flour and the same of salt. When the potato-liquor is cool, add this to it, and pour the whole into a jug, which must be tightly corked and kept in a cool place, when it will keep at this season for several weeks. One cupful of this yeast is sufficient for five loaves of bread.

"As you want the bread immediately," said Mrs. Grant, "we will not make yeast to-day, as that ought to stand at least twenty-four hours before being used. I will give you the directions I learned from, which I took

mainly from 'Common Sense.' Remember that when potatoes are used for bread or yeast they must always be old ones; new potatoes will not answer."

"How do you manage in summer, then, before the potatoes get old?"

"You must get some good yeast from one of your neighbors, or from the baker. Many people send to the baker's regularly whenever they make bread, but it is more common now to use either home-made yeast or yeast-cakes."

To Make Bread.

Set a sponge over night in the following way: To six large potatoes, boiled and mashed fine while hot, add two tablespoonfuls lard, and the same of white sugar. Stir to a cream, mixing in gradually a quart of the water in which the potatoes were boiled, which must be only about blood-warm. Rub three cups of flour smooth in a little of the potato water, and beat it well into the potatoes; then add six tablespoonfuls baker's yeast, also well beaten in; and lastly a teaspoonful soda. Cover lightly, if the weather is warm, more closely in winter, and set to rise in a warm place. The next morning sift two quarts or

more of dry flour into a deep bread-tray; make a hole in the middle of the heap, pour in the risen sponge (which should be very light and seamed in many places on the top), and work down the flour into it with your hands. If too soft, add more flour. If you can mould it at all, it is not too soft. Flour your hands well, and work the mass into a ball; lift this from the tray, over which sprinkle more flour very thickly; then begin to knead, which you must do always towards the center of the mass of dough, which should be repeatedly turned over and around during the operation. Knead from twenty minutes to half an hour—the longer the better within this limit—then work the dough into a smooth ball, sprinkle flour over the top, throw a cloth over it, and set it on the table to rise—taking care that it is not in a draught of cold air. In summer it will rise in four or five hours; in winter it may take six. It should rise steadily, until it is at least three times its original bulk, and the floured surface cracks all over. Knead again for ten or fifteen minutes and then divide the mass into two loaves, which you place in well-greased pans for the final rising. The second kneading is done upon the bread-board, and should be as thorough as the first. Cover the pans and set them in a

warm place for an hour longer; then bake, taking care that your oven is of the right heat. If you can hold your bare arm in it while you count thirty rapidly, it is not too hot. Keep the heat steady, and the bread ought to be done in an hour, but stoves vary so much that there can be no universal rule. One thing, however, is perfectly certain in bread-making: that without good flour and good yeast no amount of skill or patience can possibly make good bread.

Graham Bread.

Three quarts Graham flour, one quart warm water, two gills (one tumblerful) yeast, one gill syrup, one tablespoonful salt. Mix all thoroughly, put it in well-buttered pans, and leave it in a warm place to rise. Do not bake until *very* light.

Raised Rolls.

Take a pint of bread-dough of the first kneading, and knead into it a heaping tablespoonful of lard or butter, and an even tablespoonful sugar, with the white of an egg, beaten stiff; let it stand in a tolerably cool place for four hours, then knead it again and let it stand for three hours longer. Then roll it lightly about half an

inch thick, cut into round cakes and bring the edges of these together, not quite in the middle. Let them rise steadily for another hour, then bake in a quick oven.

"That was the kind you had for Christmas dinner, wasn't it, Cousin Helen?" asked Dora.

"Yes, and they were baked the same day, and so were somewhat warm; but we usually have them warm for tea, and take what are left over for the next day's dinner."

Dora's first baking of bread turned out excellent, which was probably owing to the fact that her cousin superintended the whole operation, and told her just when it had risen sufficiently for each kneading; and it is always safer for a young cook to take lessons from an experienced one rather than from books, until her own judgment can be relied upon. But where this is impossible, she must try and try again, never being discouraged by failures, but finding out the reason of each one so as to avoid making the same mistakes in future. The truly royal road to skillful cookery, as to every other accomplishment, lies through hard work and long practice.

"Don't you want to copy out some more of my new receipts?" asked Grace one day, when they had finished

their cooking. "I have some lovely ones that I'm sure you would like to make."

"Yes, indeed," said Dora. "And if ever we get another girl I'll try them."

"This is a perfectly elegant one," began Grace.

Snow Pudding.

One half-package Cox's gelatine soaked in a cup of cold water with one and a half cups sugar; when it is perfectly dissolved add one cup boiling water, the juice of a lemon and the whites of four well-beaten eggs. Then beat it all together till it's light as a feather, and pour it into a mould. Make a soft custard with a large pint of milk, the yolks of the four eggs and the grated rind of the lemon. When the pudding is hard, turn it into a glass dish and pour the custard over it.

Bread Pudding.

Soak two cups of stale bread-crumbs in a quart of milk until very soft; add the yolks of four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of softened butter, one of white sugar, a little nutmeg, a quarter of a teaspoonful soda, and, last of all, the whites of the eggs. Eat with sweet sauce. If you want a fruit pudding, add a cupful of currants or raisins.

"I made a queer mess of that the first time I tried it," remarked Grace; "I had copied it into my book as two *quarts* of crumbs instead of two cups, and you ought to have seen it!"

"Equal to the butter-scotch made out of Amy's book," answered Dora. "She had put in vinegar instead of sugar, and so, of course, it wouldn't harden at all, and I boiled it and boiled it, over an hour, I think, and after all, it was nothing but a sticky paste. Finally, I showed it to Aunt Jane, and she soon found out what was the trouble. She thinks there is too much butter in that receipt, so now we make it three-quarters of a cup butter, one cup each of sugar and molasses, and a pinch of soda, and it is very good. We take West India molasses, too, for all sorts of candy, it is so much nicer than any other kind."

"I have a new receipt for caramels," said Grace, "that is excellent if you have patience to boil it long enough."

Jenny B's Chocolate Caramels.

One pound Baker's chocolate, one and a quarter pounds brown sugar, a quarter of a pound butter, a cup of milk.

Lemon Cheese.

Half a pound each of butter and sugar worked to a cream; rind of two lemons and juice of one, four yolks of eggs and two whites, beaten separately; stir all together over the fire until the sugar is dissolved, then bake in puffs.

"How do you make the puffs?" said Dora.

"Oh, just take pie crust and roll it and cut it out with a tumbler; then out of half of the pieces you cut a smaller circle with the top of a canister, and lay this on the other, wetting the parts that touch with cold water. We often have them for dessert filled with jam or preserves."

Dearborn Ave. Waffles.

One quart sour milk, beaten yolks of five eggs, one tablespoonful butter, one teaspoonful salt, one large do. soda, one quart flour. Mix all together and lastly add the well-beaten whites of the eggs.

"There, you must be tired of writing; let's go out for a walk, and we can finish them some other time."

CHAPTER XIII.

LIGHT BEGINS TO DAWN.

The holidays passed away quite gaily by the help of Grace's good-natured way of throwing herself into the work, heart and soul, and laughing off the various mishaps as if they had been only so many good jokes; but this came to an end only too soon. The visitors returned to home and school, the last day of vacation was gone, and poor Dora looked forward somewhat drearily to the prospect of lessons and house-keeping together with her only dependence a poor, inefficient drudge, who could not even boil a potato without being watched. She was sitting with her hands before her, idly contemplating the prospect, when she was roused by the sound of her aunt's well-known footstep.

"I really have some good news for you this time, Dora," said Mrs. King. "It's not a delusion. Mrs. Arthur says she will come and stay with you a week or two, or longer if you don't find a cook in that time, and do the work."

"Why, Aunt Jane, I thought she was a dress-maker!"

"So she is, but she thinks the confinement is not good for her health, and she would like to vary it by a little stirring about. She is fond of cooking and house-work generally, and just now there is no press of sewing. All she bargains for is that you should have a woman on Mondays to do the washing."

"Will she eat with us, Aunty?"

"I presume so; she always does at houses where she is sewing. But you may be sure that if she comes to the table she will do it in such a way that there will be nothing unpleasant about it. In habits and education she is quite the equal of the greater part of the people she works for."

Dora had her own inward misgivings, for she knew that her father was fastidious to a fault, and she trembled at the thought of his look when he should see the cook sit down to the table with him; but she said nothing, partly from respect towards her aunt, and partly from gratitude for Mrs. King's unwearied efforts to remove her difficulties. In due time Mrs. Arthur made her appearance; a grave, pleasant-looking woman, not yet arrived at middle life, dressed in a clean, dark calico with white collar and cuffs.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the new cook went at once into the kitchen, after putting away her hat and cloak into her own room. Dora noticed that she took off her cuffs and laid them on a high shelf in the pantry, then turned up her sleeves and put on a very large gingham apron with a bib, which completely protected the front of her dress, the latter being short enough not to touch the floor anywhere.

"Now I'll go on with the dinner," said she, after Dora had given her the bill of fare and shown her where various articles were to be found. "You may set the table, if you please, and then I can see how you do it here, and have it all right when I come to set it myself."

Having the responsibility thus thrown upon her, Dora boldly set a place for Mrs. Arthur at the side of the table between the two little girls, thinking that this would be less offensive to her father than to see such a person in his wife's place, and secretly hoping that the cook would say "she didn't care to come in; she wasn't fit."

In this, however she was mistaken, for when the family came down to dinner Mrs. Arthur was there, ready to take her place with the others. She had put on her white cuffs again, and in addition a white muslin bib.

apron, trimmed with plain, flat edging, and as her hair was perfectly neat and her hands and nails spotlessly clean, it would have been a very unreasonable person who found fault with her appearance. Mr. Greenwood received her civilly, and as he had been used to seeing her at his table when she came to the house as dressmaker, was not more displeased than he always was on such occasions.

When the meal was over and the dishes removed, Dora asked Mrs. Arthur if she needed her for anything; if not, she would go and study her lessons.

"No," was the reply, "not to do anything; but if you can spare a few minutes while Mary Ann is eating her dinner, I should like to talk over a plan I have in my mind. I don't care to go in until she has done, for I think it is disagreeable to have a person move about in the room where you are eating, and feel that she is waiting for you to get through before she can finish her work."

Dora was impressed by this thoughtfulness, and ready to listen attentively.

"I've been thinking," said Mrs. Arthur, "that perhaps it would be doing a good turn all round if you were to keep Mary Ann for the present, and let me see if I can't teach her how to work. She is so willing and good-

natured that I think I can make something of her, and that, besides being of the greatest advantage to her, would give you the benefit of it when you had to call in extra help. She is dreadfully clumsy and ignorant, but I really think she could be trained. I should have her do the washing under my direction."

"Yes, that's the worst thing there is about housekeeping," remarked Dora, for a moment quite oblivious of that other bugbear, cooking.

"I don't mind washing, myself," continued Mrs. Arthur; "I rather like it. But it spoils my hands for sewing. Then I was going to say that I see the children's clothes are very much in need of repairs, and I could put them in perfect order while I am here, if there is some one to help with the other work."

"There are piles and piles of mending to do up-stairs," said Dora. "Since our last cook went away it's been perfectly impossible for me to get at it."

"Then, suppose you ask your father if he is willing to try the experiment. It will cost scarcely any more than to pay a day's wages every week for washing, except the girl's board, and in a family as large as yours, one more makes very little difference."

Dora laid the proposition before her father, who consented at once, and Mary Ann's domestic education began. We will not detail the instructions in dish-washing, which were much the same as have already been given in these pages, but will pass on to the next morning, when Mrs. Arthur found her engaged in sweeping the dining room with the broom firmly grasped low down on the handle, making very long strokes, and apparently engaged in scraping away the carpet bodily, that she might get at the dust on the floor underneath.

"Stop a minute," cried Mrs. Arthur, nearly suffocated; "let us open the windows first of all and shut the doors. You will always need to do that before you begin to sweep a room, especially if it has a carpet on. Then part of the dust goes outside into the street, and none into the halls or the next room. The next thing to do is to move everything from the walls and sweep round the edges. We'll get a few wet tea-leaves or outside cabbage-leaves to scatter over the floor, and they will help along with the dust. You can't move the sideboard, so you must get the long-handled whisk and go under it as well as you can, and as this room has a fireplace, you can sweep everything towards that, after you have taken out

the ash-pan, and then take up the rest in the dust-pan. When there isn't any fire-place, it is best to sweep towards the door, but never from one room into another, or into the hall, as so many people do. Now I will show you how to take hold of the broom—so, with one hand near the top and the other about half-way down; then sweep with short, light strokes, and be careful to go over every inch of the carpet. There's no use in trying to get out the dirt underneath! You must be content with what is on the top. When you sweep so hard you wear out three things — the broom, the carpet and your own strength—all of which you may just as well save as not."

When the dining-room and kitchen were in order, the teacher took her pupil up to the bed-rooms. On going into Mary Ann's own, Mrs. Arthur saw the bed already made, and perceived the unmistakable odor belonging to a room not properly aired. "When did you make your bed?" she inquired.

"I made it afore I come down stairs this morning, soon as I got up," was the reply.

"That isn't a wholesome way. As soon as you get out of bed you should throw all the clothes over a chair at

the foot of the bed, and when you come out of the room, open the window and leave it open for half an hour at least, unless the weather is very cold, when a few minutes will do. But the bed mustn't be made up again for an hour or two. Let us open it now and see how it looks inside."

It looked as was to be expected, tumbled and untidy, with the sheet not half tucked in at the foot, the clothes laid crooked, and altogether the last place one would expect to lie comfortably in. Having shown the girl how to do it neatly, Mrs. Arthur told her she must turn the mattress over twice a week—once from top to bottom, and the other time from side to side, so as to make the wear come evenly all over it. "And don't roll up your night-gown and put it under the pillow," she added, taking up the wad which had been unearthed in making the bed, "but hang it in the closet after it is aired. It is so much more healthy that all nice housekeepers do so now."

Then Mary Ann was told never to pass a scrap of paper or rag or any kind of litter on the floor without picking it up. "You cannot sweep all the rooms every day," said Mrs. Arthur, "but if everybody has the habit of picking up the scraps, it will always look clean; once a

week it must be swept thoroughly, in every hole and cranny. And every day you must take dust-pan and brush and brush down the stairs, and be sure to get all the dust out of the corners. I knew a lady once who went to a house to inquire the character of a girl, and as she stood in the hall and saw a little heap of dust in the corner of every stair, she made up her mind that no girl from such a house would do for her, so she went away again."

That evening there was a particularly nice soup for dinner, and Dora asked how it was made.

"From the water the mutton was boiled in yesterday," answered Mrs. Arthur.

"There!" said Dora, "I set away some that we had a week ago for that very thing, and never thought of it again."

"I found a mass of something I supposed was meant for soup, in a kettle under the sink," said Mrs. Arthur. "But this soup wasn't made from *that*, I assure you."

"I suppose not," replied Dora, laughing; "but I should like to know how you did make it."

"It is one of the simplest soups you can have. The great thing is not to put too much salt in when the meat

is first boiled, and then to let it cook very slowly, keeping it covered all the time, of course. The day the soup is made I soak half a teacupful of rice or pearl barley for two hours in water enough to cover it, then turn it into the kettle and let them boil together an hour, stirring it now and then to prevent the rice from settling and sticking to the pot. Then I beat an egg well and stir it into a cup of cold milk thickened with a tablespoonful of rice or wheat flour, rubbed in very smoothly, and stir in a cupful of the boiling soup, a little at a time, so the egg will cook without curdling. When it is all ready, I pour it into the soup-pot and season with chopped parsley, a very little thyme, pepper, and salt if it needs it. If you want it handsome you can strain it."

"Can you do that with any other meat than mutton?" inquired Dora.

"Oh, yes; boiled beef makes excellent soup, and so do chickens. Chicken soup I make just like this, except that I add some chopped celery if I have it; beef soup you can put almost any vegetable into, except beets or parsnips, and it is always good."

Following the soup were some dishes that Dora had never tried, and for which she afterward procured the recipes.

Fricasseed Chicken.

Cut up the fowls after they are cleaned, and lay them in salt and water for half an hour. Put them into a pot with water enough to cover them, and half a pound of salt pork cut into thin strips. Cover closely, let them come slowly to a boil and then simmer for an hour if the fowls are tender, or longer in proportion if they are tough. When tender, add a chopped onion, parsley and pepper; cover again, and when boiling add a teacupful of milk into which you have stirred two beaten eggs and two tablespoonfuls butter. Stir in a large tablespoonful butter, and serve as soon as this is melted. Add the boiling liquor to the milk and egg little by little, as in the directions for mutton broth.

Stewed Celery.

Cut the celery into pieces about three-quarters of an inch long, and boil it in just enough salted water to cover it, until tender, which will require about twenty-five minutes; then drain off the water, pour over drawn butter sauce, and serve hot.

Rice Croquettes.

To a quart of salted boiled rice add two beaten eggs

and a small lump of butter; make into rolls, dip in flour or pounded cracker and fry in deep lard, like doughnuts.

Pancakes.

Make a batter of one quart milk, a little salt, six heaping tablespoonfuls flour, and six well-beaten eggs. Have ready a hot frying-pan in which melt a small lump of butter; the batter should be thin enough for the cake not to require turning; pour in just enough to cover the bottom of the pan, and as each cake is done, sprinkle it with powdered sugar and roll it up; then place on a dish before the fire until all are baked; or, lay each cake on a flat dish or plate, and sprinkle with sugar before covering it with the next; when done in this way the cakes are all cut through together and helped in wedges like a pie.

The next morning there were two new dishes for breakfast.

Egg Toast.

Mix three beaten eggs with a pint of milk and dip, or rather soak in it slices of stale bread; then fry on a well-buttered hot griddle.

Graham Gems.

Take one quart Graham flour, one pint cold water and one teaspoon salt; mix well together and beat for five minutes. Have your gem-pans very hot, butter them and half fill with the mixture. Bake till brown in a hot oven. They should take about twenty-five minutes.

"Aren't we ever going to have any more buckwheat cakes?" asked James.

"Oh, yes; but I thought I wouldn't start on those until Tuesday. They're not convenient for Sunday and Monday. You shall have them all next week, and in the mean time I'll give you some of my other griddle-cakes, that I'm sure you will like."

Rice Cakes.

One cup cold boiled rice, one pint flour, one teaspoonful salt, two beaten eggs, milk to make a rather thick batter. Beat all together well before baking.

Bread Cakes.

Pour one pint of boiling milk on half a pound of bread-crumbs, two ounces of butter and one teaspoonful salt; cover, and let it stand half an hour; beat it up well

with four eggs and two ounces of flour, and when light stir in gradually half a pint of cold milk.

Hominy Cakes.

To half a pint of boiled hominy add the yolks of two eggs, three ounces of flour, one ounce of butter melted in half a pint of milk; beat the whites of the eggs separately and stir in just before baking.

"You might as well tell me now how to make buckwheat cakes," said Dora, who had been writing down these recipes from Mrs. Arthur's dictation.

"You can take the one from 'Common Sense;' that's the one I always use."

Buckwheat Cakes.

Take one quart buckwheat flour, four tablespoonfuls yeast, one teaspoonful salt, two tablespoonfuls West India molasses, one handful Indian meal, add warm water to make a thin batter. Beat well and set to rise in a warm place. If the batter is at all sour in the morning, stir in a very little soda dissolved in hot water. Mix in an earthen crock and leave about a cupful in the bottom each morning to serve as sponge for the next, instead of get-

ting fresh yeast; then each night add all the other ingredients except the yeast. For a change you can use two-thirds buckwheat and one third oatmeal, omitting the Indian.

"I should like to know how you make those beautiful rolls of butter that look like half a great egg, Mrs. Arthur," said Dora.

"I *gouge* them out of the jar of butter with a large iron spoon," was the answer. "It is so hard to cut a neat-looking piece from the jar that it was always a puzzle to me how to manage when I had not time to make up a pat, until I saw the direction in Mrs. Miller's book, 'In the Kitchen.'"

"Oh, yes," said Dora, "Aunt Jane gave me that for a Christmas present, but I was so busy with Grace that I didn't have time to look into it much. I thought it was somebody's 'Poems,' it was so handsome."

"Yes, one would hardly like to keep it 'in the kitchen,' in spite of its name. The parlor center-table seems a fitter place for it."

CHAPTER XIV.

VARIETIES.

Dora was quite impatient for Saturday morning to come, so that she could have a little practice in cooking under Mrs. Arthur's direction, for she was really in earnest in wishing to learn thoroughly. She had some school work to do after breakfast, and did not get down for an hour or two, and on entering the kitchen she found Mrs. Arthur busy pasting labels on several glass jars. "What *can* you be doing that for?" she inquired.

"So that the next unskillful cook you have may not make a mistake and fry your croquettes in mutton tallow," answered Mrs. Arthur. "I must show you a copy of rules once made for me by a lady I was working for, who was, I think, the very best housekeeper I ever saw, and took the trouble to write out some of the results of her experience for my benefit. That will tell you how I first learned to label jars."

"Oh, won't you get it now?" said Grace. "I have plenty of time to-day."

"Certainly, if you will wet half a pint of that corn-meal with cold water and rub it smooth, then stir it into two quarts of cold water and put it over the fire. Salt it, of course."

"What is it for?" said Dora.

"Hasty pudding for lunch."

"Why, it is only ten o'clock! You can't call that *hasty* pudding, surely!"

"That *is* an absurd name for it, but I think it's better than 'mush.' Did you ever read the lines—

> "Oh, hasty pudding, how it makes me blush
> To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee 'mush!'"

"No," said Dora; "but really, what's the use of putting it over so early?"

"To make it good," answered Mrs. Arthur. "Two hours isn't any too long to boil it. Made as you generally find it in the country it isn't pudding at all, but chicken-feed." Then going to her room, she soon reappeared with a manuscript book which bore marks of long use, and in which Dora read the following directions concerning

Debris.

No housekeeper does her duty faithfully who allows

the bones of a roast or the carcase of poultry to be thrown away. Every well-regulated kitchen should have its large, tight-covered iron pot, its large earthenware bowl, for which a place should be kept in the refrigerator, and a good cleaver.

All cooks should be made to understand that every bone of roast-beef, turkey, chicken, etc., is to be chopped and put into the iron pot as soon as possible in the morning, with just water enough to cover it, and salt to season, and from this broth should be taken all the gravy-stock or soup-stock needed, as it is much more nourishing and palatable than hot water.

The last thing done after dinner should be to strain the broth into the bowl, set it in a cool place and clean the pot thoroughly. (This you can best do by keeping a bottle of ammonia in the kitchen and using it instead of soap for cleaning sauce-pans and other greasy articles, and also for the waste-pipes of sinks.) By thus keeping the pot perfectly cleansed and aired, there will never be any staleness about the aroma of the gravy or soup-stock; and what is left from the day before having been kept perfectly fresh, can be utilized in the cookery of the next day.

Dripping.

Every kitchen should have certain glass jars plainly labelled "beef, poultry, pork, mutton,"—and the dripping from each kind of meat should be carefully clarified and kept in its own jar. Beef dripping is almost as good as butter, and much more delicate than lard for making the *roux* of a gravy-stock, whether white or brown. (The *roux* is the mixture of flour and grease, which is the foundation of all gravies.) This dripping is also excellent for frying vegetables or sippets of bread. Poultry dripping makes the best foundation for a fricassee or croquettes in which poultry is used. Pork dripping is only second to beef, and mutton, though it can only be used for frying mutton chops, etc., is invaluable as a basis for all the salves and ointments needed for burns, chapped hands, chillblains, &c., of which all homes should have a supply. Clarify mutton dripping by boiling it in clear water, stand it aside until cold, break it in pieces, tie it in a cloth, boil it again, and repeat this until it is perfectly white.

Cucumber Ointment, for Burns, Chapped Lips or Hands.

Take one cupful ripe cucumber, peeled and grated, add

one cupful clarified mutton suet, boiling hot, stir until cool, add ten drops perfume, pack in small cups or jars.

LETTUCE CREAM, FOR CHAPPED OR SUNBURNED SKIN.

Take two cupfuls young, fresh lettuce, cut up, mash well and stir into one cupful boiling mutton suet; boil a few moments, strain, perfume, beat until cold, then pack in jars or cups.

CAMPHOR ICE.

To six tablespoonfuls of mutton suet, boiling hot, stir in one tablespoonful glycerine and the same of powdered camphor and olive oil; then take it off the fire and stir quickly until cold. Pack in small boxes, or pour into moulds made of tin foil, which can be formed by wrapping the foil round small or square bottles, closing the bottom securely and drawing out the bottle, leaving the mould perfect.

"The rest seem to be recipes for some particular dishes," said Dora, laying down the book at this point. "Aren't these directions for saving and boiling bones a good deal like the French *pot au feu?*"

"I believe that is a regular soup-kettle that stays on

the stove all the time," answered Mrs. Arthur, "and is kept constantly full by having vegetables and other things thrown in, as well as meat, with water in proportion. This way seems to me better because you can make more variety if you have clear stock for a basis, and if you make a practice of saving the other remnants, you can use them as you want them."

"How soft that corned beef is," observed Dora, looking at some Mrs. Arthur was just taking up. "Hasn't it boiled too long?"

"Not for the purpose I want it for. I boil it until it is tender enough to take out the bones easily, then pack the meat into a deep, round earthen dish, mixing the fat and lean as evenly as I can. When the water it boiled in is cold, I skim off the fat, boil down the liquor till it will fill up the spaces in the beef, and then pour it into the dish and press the whole under a heavy weight. If the water rises above the cover I put on to press it down with, I dip it off carefully. The next day the beef is ready to use, and can be cut in slices like head-cheese."

"That sounds good," said Dora.

"You can cook a knuckle of veal in the same way, except that when you pack it into the dish it is well to sea-

son it with pepper and salt, and you need not boil down the liquor; just use enough to fill in the empty spaces, and save the rest for soup stock."

"What are we going to have for dinner to-day?" inquired Dora.

"Pea-soup, Irish stew, salsify and hominy croquettes; for dessert, Baroness pudding."

"That won't leave you any meat for to-morrow, will it?"

"To-morrow we are going to have a good old-fashioned dish that I know will please your father — pork and beans."

"Oh, I should like to know how to make all those things!" exclaimed Dora. "Will you give me the recipes?"

"I keep them all in my head," replied Mrs. Arthur, "but if you will get your book I will tell them to you."

Pea Soup.

Soak a quart of split peas over night. Three hours before dinner put them over the fire in a gallon of water with half a pound of salt pork cut small, and boil slowly until reduced to nearly half the quantity. Then press

through the colander and put over the fire again, seasoning to taste with thyme or sweet marjoram. Just before serving, slice in a hard-boiled egg and add little squares of fried bread. If the soup is ready too early, it will do no harm to let it stand on the back of the stove without boiling, closely covered, until it is wanted.

"Many people omit the pork," said Mrs. Arthur, "in which case of course your soup will need salting. Some boil with a beef-bone cut up small, others with a ham-bone, and others again in the liquor used for boiling mutton or beef. It is good in all these ways, and you can try them once a week in turn and see which you like best. If you think the soup too thick when boiled down so much, don't cook it as long next time. You can follow the same directions with common dried beans."

Irish Stew.

Take three pounds of the scrag of mutton, remove the fat and cut the bones small, add eight or ten potatoes pared and cut into lumps, and a sliced onion; cover with cold water and let it come very slowly to a boil; then stew for an hour and a half. If you like, add two or three sliced carrots. Season with salt and pepper, and

thicken with a very little flour just before serving. One of the most economical dishes that ever come to table.

Stewed Salsify.

Scrape the roots and drop them into cold water immediately, or they will turn dark. Cut into pieces an inch long, put over the fire with enough water to cover them, and stew until tender; then turn off most of the water and pour in a cupful of cold milk. Stew ten minutes longer, then add about a tablespoonful of butter rubbed with the same quantity of flour; pepper and salt to taste, boil up once, and serve.

Hominy Croquettes.

To a cupful of cold boiled hominy add a tablespoonful of butter and stir hard, moistening by degrees with a cupful of milk. Put in a teaspoonful of white sugar, and lastly a well-beaten egg. Flour your hands, roll into oval balls, dip first in beaten egg and then in cracker-crumbs, and fry in hot lard.

Baroness Pudding.

Three-quarters of a pound suet, carefully freed from skin and chopped fine; same weight of stoned raisins,

same of flour, a pinch of salt, half a pint of milk. Mix all together and boil in a floured cloth previously wrung out of boiling water, not less than four and a half hours. Serve with plain sweet sauce.

"Now the dish for to-morrow," said Dora.

Pork and Beans.

Pour over one quart of white dried beans one quart of lukewarm water and let them soak all night; in the morning add two quarts of water and boil until the skin begins to crack; drain and put them in a deep earthen dish, in the middle of which put one pound of salt pork, cut square and scored over the top in small squares. Pour a quart of hot water over them, cover the dish and let them bake slowly for three hours.

"While you have your book there," said Mrs. Arthur, "you might as well write down a general rule for croquettes, so that you will know how to use up your odds and ends of meat."

Croquettes.

Mince fresh meat or fish; add to it from one-fourth to half its weight in mashed potato, with a beaten egg to

each cupful of the mixture, a little melted butter or gravy, pepper and salt, a seasoning of any herb you fancy, and a scrap of chopped onion. Make into long-shaped rolls, dip in beaten egg, roll in pounded cracker, and fry a light brown. Or you may simply flour them before frying. If made of veal or chicken there should be very little potato, and a few scraps of ham will heighten the flavor. Anything of this kind should be fried in deep lard or drippings, and the fat must be very hot.

"Papa has sent word that he is going to bring a friend home with him," said Dora to Mrs. Arthur one afternoon the next week about half-past five, "and he hopes you have a good dinner."

"Roast beef with Yorkshire pudding, mashed potato, parsnips and egg-plant, — yes, I think that might be called a good dinner. But I have no soup, and a dinner looks, not exactly unfinished, but abruptly begun, without soup. I think I saw a recipe in your 'In The Kitchen' for soup made in fifteen minutes. See if you can find it."

Dora ran for the book and soon read out the recipe.

Tomato Soup (Hudson).

Take a can of tomatoes, rub through a colander, let it

boil three minutes and then add half a teaspoonful of soda, and let it boil till it stops foaming, stirring all the time; stir in two butter crackers rolled fine, two ounces of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, a very small pinch of cayenne pepper, and lastly, half a pint of boiling milk; boil five minutes, then serve.

"That's the very thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Arthur. "If you can stay and help me, we'll have it ready in time."

"Yes," said Dora, "I'm dressed. What will you have for dessert?"

"I have only a dried apple-pie and that won't answer; but I can make a 'Quick Pudding' as soon as I send in the dinner, and it will be ready in time."

"But your dinner? When will you eat that?"

"Oh, I'll find a time for it; never mind that. Just run in and take off my napkin and put a clean one instead; then the place will be all ready for the gentleman."

Dora tried to protest against this, but Mrs. Arthur said she should prefer to wait on the table in any case, as Mary Ann was so exceedingly clumsy; so Dora did as she was requested to, and the dinner was served as

promptly as usual, and gave Mr. Greenwood great satisfaction.

"Now tell me how to make those good things," said she when the dishes were washed and put away, and Mrs. Arthur was sitting, as she always did in the evening, in the dining room with her sewing.

"You know how to roast beef—allow a quarter of an hour to a pound, rub with a mixture of salt and pepper, dash a cup of boiling water over the meat when it first goes in, and afterwards baste frequently, first with slightly salted water, and afterward with the gravy from the dripping pan; when done, have a hot dish ready to serve it on, as you should for all meats. Pour the dripping into a bowl and let it stand a moment for the fat to rise; then skim this off carefully for future use, turn the gravy into the dripping pan again on the top of the stove, thicken with a little flour and thin with boiling water; taste it, and if necessary add salt and pepper, but be careful not to get in too much. When you are afraid the meat will scorch, set a cup or basin of water in the oven."

Yorkshire Pudding.

One pint milk, four eggs beaten separately, two light cups flour, a teaspoonful salt. Place the meat on long

skewers laid across the pan, and three quarters of an hour before the beef is done, pour out all the gravy except enough to prevent the pudding from sticking, and turn in the batter. When both are done, cut the pudding into squares of three or four inches, and lay them on the platter around the meat.

"You know that grated horse-radish always goes with roast beef; if you haven't this, pickles must be substituted. Some kind of acid jelly is proper with it also — currant is generally considered the nicest, although cranberry is not amiss."

Parsnips.

Boil until tender, scrape off the skin and cut in thick slices lengthwise. Dredge with flour, pepper and salt, and fry on both sides in hot lard or drippings, to a light brown. Drain off every drop of fat and serve hot.

For serving without frying, boil until perfectly tender, which will be in from three-quarters of an hour to one and a quarter; then drain and butter well before dishing.

"I've often wondered why they selected parsnips for the proverb, 'Fair words butter no parsnips,'" said Dora.

"I've heard that they always serve them boiled in England," said Mrs. Arthur, "never fried; and I suppose they would be very tasteless without the butter."

Egg Plant.

Slice the plant half an inch thick; pare each piece and lay them in salt and water for an hour, laying a plate on the uppermost piece to keep it under. Wipe each slice separately, dip first in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry on both sides until well browned.

Quick Pudding.

Beat two eggs light, stir in while beating two tablespoons flour, add six tablespoons cold milk, boil one tablespoon butter in one pint milk with one saltspoon salt, mix all together, put over the fire and stir till it begins to thicken. Serve hot with powdered sugar or with syrup.

"I doubled that recipe," said Mrs. Arthur, "and by the time Mary Ann and I had finished our dinner there wasn't a spoonful left."

"I should think it would be tiresome to measure out so many tablespoonfuls," remarked Dora.

"When any thing has four or six tablespoonfuls in it I know just how much it makes in a cup, so I take the measure in that. But I must give you the directions for the sauce."

Maple Sauce.

Dissolve half a pound of maple sugar cut into small bits in half a gill (a quarter of a tumblerful,) of hot water over a good fire; the sooner it melts the better. When clear take it from the fire and stir in a quarter of a pound butter, cut in small lumps; pour into the sauce-boat and serve.

"Here's another kind of sauce I don't believe you ever tried. It's excellent for apple-dumplings."

Rexford Sauce.

Rub two ounces of butter with an even tablespoonful of flour; stir in half a pint of brown sugar and half a gill of boiled cider; add a gill of boiling water, mix well, let it simmer a few minutes and serve hot.

"While I am about it, shall I give you a few more recipes? I have some that I think very nice."

"Oh, please do," said Dora.

Lemon Dumplings.

Take half a pound grated bread, a quarter of a pound finely chopped suet, a quarter of a pound sugar, one lemon (squeeze the juice on the sugar and chop the rest very fine), one large Spitzenberg or Greening apple, grated, two even tablepoonfuls flour and two well-beaten eggs. Mix all thoroughly together, tie in square pieces of cotton cloth, drop into boiling water and boil three-quarters of an hour with a plate under them to prevent their sticking. Serve with either Rexford or maple sauce. This quantity makes eight dumplings.

St. Charles Indian Bread.

Beat two eggs very light and mix with them one pint of sour milk; add a teaspoonful soda and stir in one pint of Indian meal and a tablespoonful of melted butter; beat a long time and bake in flat tins in a quick oven.

Muffins.

Mix one quart of flour with a pint of warmed milk, one teaspoonful of salt and half a gill of yeast. Mix at night and beat until light. In the morning, drop the dough into buttered cups, let them stand twenty minutes, then bake. They can be made with water instead of milk, but are not as nice.

Fruit Cup Cake.

One cup of butter and three of sugar worked to a cream, five eggs beaten separately, a glass of brandy or wine, half a nutmeg, a teaspoonful cinnamon and a salt-spoonful ground cloves. Pulverize a teaspoonful of soda, mix it with five cups of sifted flour, and stir the flour into the cake. Flour one pound of washed currants and mix them in, and afterward one pound seeded raisins, also floured; stir it well, and just before baking add a cup of sour cream. Do not beat it much after the cream is in, but mix thoroughly and bake immediately. It will take one hour to bake. Do not cut it the same day it is made.

Julia's Doughnuts.

Two cups of light dough, one teacup white coffee-sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, two eggs and a very little allspice and cinnamon—perhaps an even teaspoonful altogether. Knead these in thoroughly; then roll and cut the cakes and let them rise again. Before you fry them, try a little one in the lard to see if it is hot enough; if so, your cake will puff out quickly and turn brown. Don't let it get too hot, or it will taste burnt.

Lemon Jelly.

Soak one package Cox's gelatine for an hour in just

cold water enough to cover it; then add the juice of three lemons and two cups of white sugar, and pour nearly a quart of boiling water into it. Stir until dissolved, and strain into jelly-moulds.

Apple Fritters.

Make a batter of two eggs to a pint of milk, a pint of flour and a little salt; beat the eggs separately, stirring in first the yolks and afterward the whites, and into this stir in sour apples chopped small. Dip one tablespoonful of the batter at a time into boiling lard in a spider or shallow kettle; they will fly to pieces if the lard is deep. Eat with maple syrup or sifted sugar. Never stick a fork into cakes boiling in lard; it makes them absorb the fat. They must be taken out with a skimmer.

Plain fritters are made in the same way, omitting the apple.

Liniment for Burns.

Take strong, clear lime-water and mix with as much linseed-oil as it will "cut;" shake the bottle before applying, wrap the burn in cotton wadding, and keep the cotton saturated with it for nine days, by which time the new skin will probably be formed.

If you have no remedy in the house, cover the burn immediately with flour and cotton and leave on till it heals. You can apply any liquid remedy without removing the cotton.

"I wish there were time to give you some dozens of others," said Mrs. Arthur, "but there's the clock striking nine, and I know you ought not to sit up any longer. We'll have some more another time."

CHAPTER XV.

ALL ENDS WELL.

"WHO do you think has been here this morning to see you?" Mrs. Arthur asked Dora, one day when she came from school.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Dora. "I don't expect anybody."

"Your old 'Annie'! Her mother is well now, and she says she can come if you want her. I told her you did, and she will be here to-morrow and take my place."

"Oh, Mrs. Arthur, I shall be *so* sorry to have you go away! It doesn't seem as if we could do without you!"

"But I have to go; I've stayed a week longer now than I ought to, and my customers are getting impatient. I couldn't bear to leave you without help, but this comes in so well that it seems as if it had all been ordered on purpose."

"I can never be thankful enough for all you've taught me," exclaimed Dora, who had spent every spare

moment in informing herself as to all the details of house-keeping, from the highest to the humblest. "You don't know how much good you've done me."

"I'm glad if I've been of any use, and before I go there are some more recipes I want to give you. I was looking over your book, and there seem to be very few for spring and summer dishes; they are all for fall and winter."

"Do give them to me," said Dora; "they will come in just right when mamma comes home."

"You must be sure to give her a spring-soup or"

Printanniere.

Take a knuckle of veal weighing five pounds; crush the bone and put it on the fire in three quarts and a pint of cold water, and let it boil slowly until the scum has risen and been skimmed off, then simmer for two hours and a half and skim it again; add six ounces of cut celery, a few asparagus tops, also cut small, and if it is late enough in the season, a handful of green peas; boil half an hour, then take out the knuckle and add a quart of rich milk, a tablespoonful salt, a teaspoonful white pepper and a quarter of a pound blanched macaroni; let

it boil slowly until the macaroni is tender, and when ready to serve, beat three eggs in the tureen and pour the boiling soup over them. If you wish an elegant dish, throw in at the last minute a handful of blanched almonds.

Prepare the macaroni by pouring over it boiling water with a little salt, and letting it stand, covered, fifteen minutes; then drain and pour cold water over it, drain again, and turn into the soup.

Strawberry Short Cake.

One cup of sugar, one of sour milk, half a cup butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful soda, and just enough flour to roll it out. Make in two round cakes and bake in a quick oven. When done, split the cakes, lay one half on the plate, crust down, butter it, and put on a thick layer of berries and sugar; then another half cake, covered in the same way and so on, making the last half-cake a cover, crust up. Set it in the oven again for five minutes, and serve hot.

Huckleberry Cake.

One cup of sugar, two of flour, half a cup each of butter and milk, two teaspoonfuls baking powder; roll

the berries in sugar, stir them in, and bake in shallow pans.

Spinach.

Wash thoroughly and put into a covered sauce-pan with scarcely any water; boil twenty minutes, then drain in a colander. Chop it up fine, return it to the fire and season with butter, pepper and salt. Serve covered with hard-boiled eggs cut in slices.

"You know," said Mrs. Arthur, "that young beets make the most delicious greens; many people prefer them to spinach. Take those that are 'thinned out' from the garden beds, wash them very clean, and scrape the roots if any are large enough to cook; if not, cut them off close to the leaves. Boil and serve like spinach."

Asparagus.

Cut in even lengths, rejecting the woody portion, which can be used in soup. Tie in small bundles; throw into salted boiling water and boil from twenty to forty minutes, according to the age. Have ready a dish of buttered toast, cut into pieces convenient for helping, and dipped in the asparagus liquor; drain the bunches

and lay them on the toast, heads all one way; cut the strings and draw them out gently, then cover the asparagus with drawn-butter sauce.

Green Peas.

Throw into boiling water and boil from thirty to forty minutes; drain, season with pepper and salt and add three or four tablespoons of cream.

String Beans.

Be sure that every string is carefully peeled off; if the beans are young and tender you need only cut them across two or three times, and take off the heads and tails; if older, so that beans are found in the pod, first slit them in two lengthwise. They require more boiling than peas, especially when old. Finish and serve like peas.

Sweet Corn.

Cut it from the cobs and boil the latter half an hour in just water enough to cover them; then boil the shelled corn in the same water, with salt. Season with butter and pepper.

Summer Squash.

If very small, the squashes may be boiled whole, with-

out peeling; if older, pare and quarter, taking out the seeds. Boil until tender, which will be in from three-quarters of an hour to an hour; drain and press in a colander, then mash smooth and season with butter, salt, and a little cream. Serve very hot.

New Potatoes.

Do not pare them, but rub off the skin (after washing) with a rough towel. Boil half an hour in salted water; then drain, and dry for a few minutes before serving; or, you may make a dressing of half a pint of milk in which an even tablespoonful of flour, rubbed smooth with a heaping one of butter and a little salt, has been dissolved; pour it over while boiling, and serve hot.

"I should like the recipe for that fruit-cake we had last week," said Dora, "and for those caramels the children like so much."

"Here is the one for the candy; the other you will find in Mrs. Miller's book."

Home Caramels.

One cup Baker's chocolate, grated or broken up fine; one of granulated sugar, one of molasses, a quarter of a

cup milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Boil until it will stiffen in water.

Coffee-Cake Without Eggs.

Rub together nine ounces of brown sugar with fourteen of butter; add alternately a pint of molasses, the same of strong made-coffee, two and a half pounds flour from which you leave out a pint for flouring the fruit, two teaspoonfuls each of ground mace, cinnamon and nutmeg, one do. each of cloves and allspice, and two teaspoonfuls soda, dissolved in a little of the coffee. Last of all, you add two and a half pounds of stoned raisins and one of sliced citron, rubbed in the reserved flour. This is a rich cake and will keep a long time.

"I should like to know how to make orange cake that isn't in layers," said Dora. "I never saw a recipe for that."

"I take any kind of light cake and flavor it with orange juice," answered Mrs. Arthur. "Try 'Sister Mag's cake' in Marion Harland, and substitute the juice of two oranges for the lemon. If it doesn't make the flavor strong enough, you can take more oranges and scant the milk a little so as not to have too much liquid."

"How splendidly bright that silver looks," said Dora, glancing at some on the side-board. "Don't you like our receipt?"

"Yes, very much, but the mixture happened to be out, and I did that in a way of my own, by rubbing it first with a soft old napkin moistened with sweet oil, and afterward with calcined magnesia, polishing, of course, with chamois-skin. The Indexical silver soap is very good if the silver is in good condition and you use the soap constantly; but yours had become very dull when I came here, and had to have an extra cleaning. Rubbing is the great thing, after all."

"I don't mean to let it get dull again," said Dora. "When you go, I'll do it every Saturday morning, just as I set out to do when Annie was here before. I hope she'll stay, this time."

"There's another thing I must remind you of," said Mrs. Arthur; "it will soon be time to look out for moths, and now that the responsibility is all on your shoulders, you'll have to be very careful."

"Mamma always puts things away in linen bags tied up with camphor," said Dora.

"That is very well if the eggs are not already laid, but

if they are, all the camphor in the world won't prevent the moths from eating their way out. The trouble is to guard against them when the first mild days come, and you are so sure to want your woolen clothes and furs again that it is not worth while to put them away. The safest way during this season is to shake and beat every such thing thoroughly the moment you take it off, then give it a good airing in the sun every day. When things are finally put away for the summer, nothing is better than newspapers to keep them in, as these are an absolute protection if there are not already eggs in the garments, but the edges must be pasted together—not merely tied. If you can get a whiskey or alcohol barrel to keep the bundles in, it will be as good a preservative as any, and you can buy a little bergamot at the drug-store to overcome any unpleasant odor. Your muff and tippet will be safe in their usual boxes if you first beat them thoroughly and then paste paper over the edge of the cover to keep it tight. It stands to reason that if the moths are not there already they can't get in, in that case."

The day after this conversation Annie came and Mrs. Arthur went away, followed by the regrets of the whole

family. All things slipped back into their old grooves, and there were no thrills of excitement until the time was fixed for Mrs. Greenwood's return. Then, indeed, the family was in a ferment, and Dora was nearly beside herself with her efforts to get the house-cleaning over, and every thing in exquisite order again before her mother should come. The weeks grew fewer and shorter, for it seemed as if each one showed more and more to be done; but at last the eventful day came, a Saturday fortunately; the house was cleaned and adorned, the children dressed, the table set out with a lovely vase of flowers which filled the dining-room with fragrance, and there being absolutely nothing more to be done, Dora sat with clasped hands trying to keep down her impatience during the ten minutes which she knew must still elapse before the welcome sound of chariot-wheels would be heard.

"Nine months ago!" she thought to herself; "how old I have grown since then, and how little I thought when it began of all I should go through with! I wonder if Mamma will be satisfied with me? At all events, I hope she'll think I've done my best." And so her mind wandered on until the carriage drove up, and all else was forgotten in a burst of joyful welcome.

"Well? yes, I'm entirely well!" exclaimed Mrs. Greenwood, after the rapturous greetings were over, and the children began to overwhelm her with questions. "I'm never going to be sick again. How tall you have grown, Dora! My 'little girl' has changed into a woman. And how perfectly sweet every thing looks! I've been imagining it all, but it was impossible to realize it until I actually came. How well you have done, my darling!" she added, clasping her oldest daughter once more to her breast. "My heart has been with you every instant, and when Aunt Jane wrote me about all the trials and struggles that you were too considerate to burden me with, it seemed as if I must fly to you! But it was all for the best, and I know you'll never be sorry to have had the experience."

Then Aunt Jane came in, and there were more congratulations and outpourings, in the midst of which the dinner-bell rang, and the circle around the table was complete once more.

There we must leave the happy family, enjoying *printanniere* and talk, roast lamb, stewed potatoes, green peas and spinach, seasoned with recollections of travel and anecdotes of home life, and a delicious strawberry

short-cake by way of dessert, served up with bright anticipations of the future. Mrs. Greenwood said that no dinner at the Paris restaurants, which she had visited before coming home, had ever tasted so good to her; and when her husband tried to set off its merits by comparing it with some that he remembered during Honor's administration, cries of "shame! shame!" put him to silence, and he subsided into a state of good behavior, for the time at least.

Good-bye, Dora!

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